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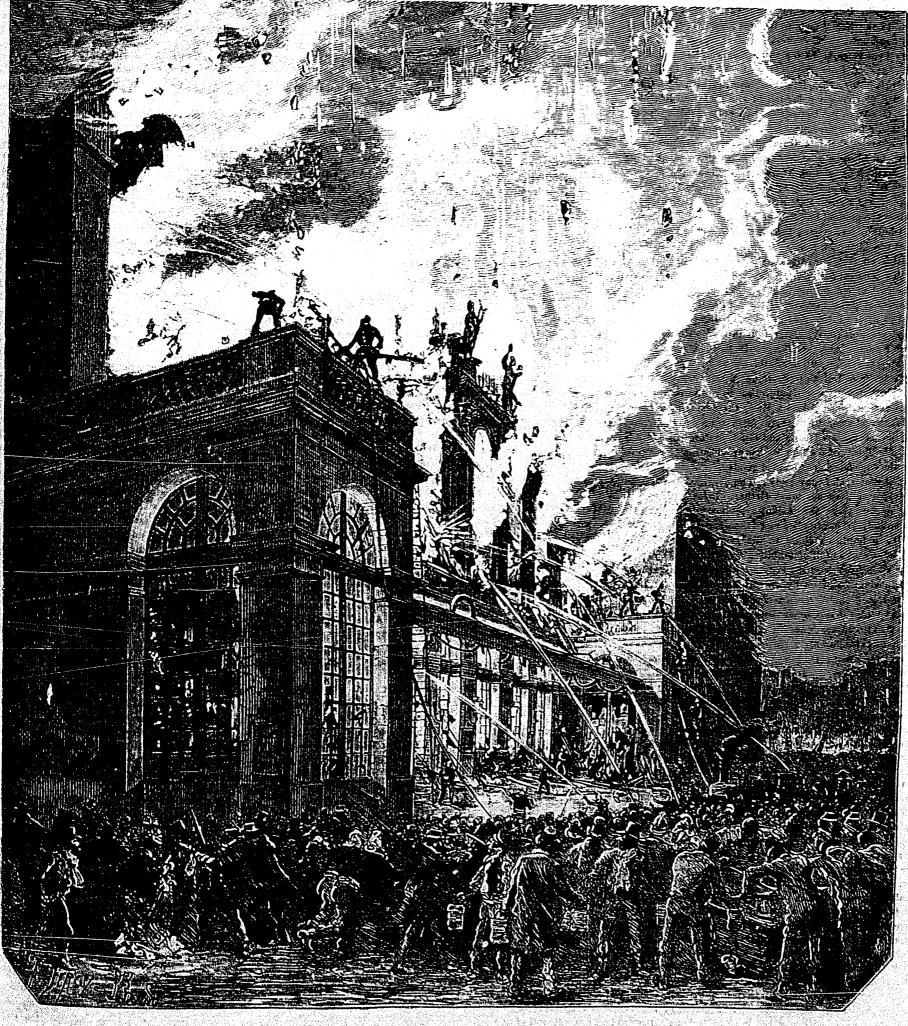
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Vol. VIII.-No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873.

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FRANCE .- THE BURNING OF THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS.

We are making preparations for the issue of the

Christmas Number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, which we are resolved to work up to

A STANDARD OF UNUSUAL EXCELLENCE. Besides the ordinary amount of letter-press, we shall pub-

 ${ t A}$ SUPPLEMENT replete with appropriate pictures, stories, dramatic scenes,

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873.

If we properly seize the meaning of Mr. Mackenzie's speech, at his late election, the new Government have resolved to solve the problem of the Pacific Railway, according to the views expounded by the member for Lambton, when leader of the Opposition. He proposes that the sixty miles of road from Pembina to Fort Garry shall be built at once, thus con-Railway. Then the Saskatchewan section shall be constructed and finally the Pacific section. The portion between Fort Garry and Lake Nipissing is to be kept for the last, and not entered upon until the rest of the road is completed. As it will take seven years, according to Mr. Mackenzie's calculation, to build the road from Fort Garry to Victoria, in British Columbia, it follows that, for seven years, at least, the Canada Pacific will be virtually a branch of the American Northern Pacific. Of course, the Opposition papers have taken exception to this. They already see in it a consummation of the scheme, whereby the late Government was overturned, to make way for the men who were acting all along in collusion with the Directors of the American Northern Pacific. In plainer words, they charge that the new Cabinet is carrying out its pledge to Messrs. McMullin, Jay Cooke and others, of so contriving the gradual building of the Canada Pacific, as to give the bulk of its carrying trade to the Northern Pacific, for a term of years, ranging from seven to ten. That this will be the practical effect of Mr. Mackenzie's scheme is unquestionable. The moment Fort Garry is connected by rail with Pembina, the rush of emigration to Manitoba, will naturally run in the channel of the Northern Pacific, from Duluth to Pembina. The moment the Saskatchewan Valley is opened to Pembina, via Fort Garry, emigration thither will go by the Northern Pacific. And the moment the Pacific slope is reached by rail, emigration will tend thither through its first important stage from Duluth to Pembina. From a mere business point of view, there can be no objection to this arrangement. From an international point of view, there is absolutely no more inconvenience, than there is in running the-Grand Trunk, out of Portland to Island Pond, during the winter months. The Treaty of Washington has provided ample reciprocity for the transmission of bonded goods to Canada through the United States, and conversely. The objection to the project is deeper and reaches much farther. It lies precisely in leaving for ten years the Atlantic section of the Canada Pacific unbuilt. That implies more than appears on the surface of it. It implies a check to the growth of the Ottawa Valley, at present so full of ambition and energy. It implies that the upper portion of the Province of Ontario shall remain a wilderness for another decade. It implies that the Lake Superior region shall remain unsettled, and its immense treasures of copper and other ores, shall lie untouched. It implies that the future Canadian city of the North, shall not be built, but remain only a shipping port for passengers and freight in transitu to Duluth, which will thus become the Mistress of the Lakes. It is a mistake to suppose that the country between French River and the Assiniboine is a barren tract. It may present engineering difficulties, without being uninhabitable to man. The Algoma district, with proper communications, is destined to be the centre of a large cotony. It is a mistake, also, to suppose that settlements radiate from an oasis in the far desert, and that it is best to seek these oases first. The experience of the Western American States shows that they were gradually settled, and that emigrants went further West, only when the border States had been well filled up. Thus Kansas was settled only when Missouri had a large population; Colorado was settled only when Kansas was well occupied. Immigration creeps westward from the most easterly settlement; does not bound into green spots here and there in the wilderness! Emigration is continuous, not sporadic. Thus its natural march is up the Valley of the Ottawa and along the shores of Georgian Bay, from point to point, until it reaches the prairies of Manitoba and the Saskatchewan. Hence the necessity of railway communication in that region. It would be suicidal to wait ten years for that railway. It must be further remarked that the plan of the late Government, included the immediate building of the short section between Pembina and Fort Garry, so that it favored immigration into that territory, at the same time that it provided means for peopling the Upper Ottawa district. In view of the brief statement of his intentions given by Mr. Mackenzie, it would be premature to enter more fully into the discussion of this

important subject to-day, but we believe it is not presumptuous to state that there are two points which the new Government will have to consider, as clearly demanded by public opinion-one, that the Canada Pacific must be proceeded with, the other, that it must begin from Lake Nipissing.

The "Virginius" question has been settled, for a time at least. Spain, after some little delay and a faint show of resistance, has acceded to the just and temperate demands of the United States Government for restitution. She has consented to restore the "Virginius," salute the American flag, return the surviving passengers and members of the crew, and indemnify the families of the men who were executed at Santingo de Cuba. Before committing himself to this step, we learn that Castelar consulted the various European governments, and received a unanimous reply to the effect that concession was absolutely necessary. Another powerful argument in favour of an apology-and one to which he could not afford to turn a deaf car-was the rumour of active preparations for war in the United States arsenals. England, it was whispered, was willing to back the demands of her cousin across the ocean. So, the cards being against him, the Spanish President took the safest course that remained open, and acquiesced necting the capital of Manitoba, with the Northern Pacific in the stipulations of the injured party. In so doing he has come out of the difficulty with increased honour and a new claim upon the gratitude of the people he rules for having spared them an unequal struggle and an ignominious defeat. Whether the Spaniards will take this view of the matter is another thing. They are a vain, haughty prople, quick to resent and slow to admit an insult; and they will unquestionably keenly feel what they will doubtless be pleased to call the humiliation of an apology. It redounds all the more to the credit of Castelar, that knowing this, being perfectly aware that he was putting a weapon into the hands of his enemies at home, he had the moral courage to do what was right and/defy the consequences. That his decision may militate against him, may even lead to his downfall from power, is only too much to be feared. A third party of malcontents will not unprobably be formed to add to the distraction that is already racking unhappy Spain, while from Cuba the fiercest opposition is only to be expected. If he survive the crisis, we may hope for the inauguration of a more peaceful and prosperous future for the Spanish Republic; while if he falls, he will retire with the sympathy of all men and the proud consciousness of having stood firm in the cause of justice. Yet another question arises. Can the retractation be carried out in Cuba? It is a very favourite belief among journals in the States that the Spanish Government will be unable to enforce its authority in the island; that the Spanish Cubans will resist to the last, and will only yield to overwhelming force. On this ground we see no score whatever for apprehension. The slave-holders may show signs of mutiny, but they are in no position to carry out a determined resistance. No large force would be required to compel them to submission. Hedged in on the one side by the troops from home, and on the other side by their bitterest enemies, the Cuban patriots, their struggle would be but a short one. The only thing for which there is the slightest cause of alarm is that on the publication of Castelar's decision, the Spanish party in Cuba may have forestalled the enforcement of that portion which relates to the "Virginius" survivors and completed the bloody work they began at Santiago. That they are capable of doing such a thing no one will for a moment doubt. Their contempt for all law and authority is a fact that is only too notorious. Of this they have given proof sufficient. And herein, we take it, lies a fruitful cause for future trouble. Should another butchery take place, the question will be re-opened, no longer as a matter purely between the United States and Spain, but as a matter in which all nations will be interested. And the decision that must necessarily be reached will be: If Spain is not strong "Ville du Havre" brings up once again the question of lifeenough to enforce her authority in her own possessions, it is time they were handed over to some one else.

> Apropos of marine calamities—they have been on everybody's lips during the week-is nothing to be done in the case of the "Ismailia?" Sixty-seven days ago, that steamer left the port of New York for Glasgow. Since that time nothing has been heard of her, and notwithstanding the hopeful expressions indulged in, with what reason we fail to see, by the officers of the Anchor Line, it is difficult to persuade oneself that anything ever will be heard of her. A grosser case of recklessness than that exhibited by the men who sent the vessel out to sea can hardly be imagined. According to the testimony of the underwriters the "Ismailia" could not be considered to be in a fit condition for the voyage if she were so loaded as to draw more than twenty feet of water. The pilot who took her to sea swears that she drew twenty-two. A clearer case could not be made out. Those who are answerable for the over-loading of the vessel are responsible for the lives that we cannot doubt have been thrown away. It is high time that an example were made. The crime-we can call it nothing else-to which the loss of the "Ismailia" is due is one of only too frequent occurrence. If the present system, of which negligence and absolute recklessness are the main features, is allowed to go unchecked, the loss of life by marine disasters will before long be frightful to contemplate. The death-roll of those who are yearly sacrified to greed will in May we ask to be informed where the balance of the road is to no time be trebled and quadrupled. It behaves the authorities

to interpose the strong arm of the law at once and instantly put a stop to the iniquitous practices against which Mr. Plimsoll, on the other side of the Atlantic, is so carnestly and efficiently carrying on an unrelenting warfare. In Canada, we are happy to say such cases are rare. Our large steamship companies are particularly careful in this, as in all points which affect the safety of their vessels and passengers. The result is that their accident record has within late years been remarkably clear, and they enjoy a large and deserved share of public confidence.

The coasting trade of a country which has so immenses litoral as Canada is one which naturally grows more important every year, and we are glad to find foreign bottoms seek. ing an occasion to partake of its privileges. The present law provides for the exclusion of foreign vessels from our coasting trade, but giving the Governor-General in Council power to declare that the Parliament of Canada is willing to admit for. eign vessels to share in its coasting trade upon the principle of reciprocity. This is the true policy, and, as between the United States and Canada, it should be rigidly adhered to. American shippers and ship-owners are naturally very anxious to engage in our coasting trade, for it is to them a very lucrative business; but unless their Government open American ports to Canadian vessels, on precisely equal terms, the privilege cannot be [countenanced. The question of reciprocity between the two countries, in trade relations of all kinds is fast gaining ground, and the National Board of Trade which lately met at Chicago, passed a resolution favouring that consummation, such as will not be without its effect on Congress. Until a regular treaty is made between the United States and Canada, it is not to be expected that the coasting privileges can be settled; but until theu Canada cannot do better than adhere to her present legislation on the subject.

An opinion which largely prevails and which has no doubt been considerably strengthened by the recent appearance of an illustration in this journal, is to the effect that at the time of the burning of the lake steamer " Bavarian" the flames so speedily overspread the fore part of the vessel that it was found impossible to save the ladies who were clustered in the bows. In his illustration of the scene, our artist, who obtained his particulars from one of the survivors, shows the wind to be blowing from the stern forwards. We have since been informed that in this he was mistaken. As soon as the flame, were discovered, the engineer turned the boat's head to the shore, from which the wind was blowing at the time. The flames therefore were swept sternwards, and for a considerable length of time the fore deck was completely clear. We make this correction all the more willingly as the misconception which has arisen as to the true state of the case might tend in some degree to mitigate the public feeling as to the unwarrantable, cowardly conduct of those who left poor feetilwomen to perish without a single effort to save them.

The "What will they say in England" cry has died out wonderfully since the reception of recent mails. England has had its say, and this is about what it amounts to :-- " Unfortunately the traces of corruption and sharp practice are only too clear on both sides. The people of Canada will soon sink deeply in the estimation of their well-wishers if they do not call their public men to strict account for every lapse from upright, honourable, and truly exemplary conduct. Parlia. mentary Government in Canada is on its trial. One man alone is conspicuous not only for reputation of the highest kind, but also for sound judgment and genuine Constitutional behaviour in trying circumstances—this is the Governor-ti-

The accident which occurred last week in mid-ocean to the saving appliances. In the telegraphed account we learn that in the brief interval between the collision and the sinking the crew had only time to launch two boats. If the crew had been drilled and disciplined as has already been frequently suggested the loss of life would unquestionably have been much smaller. In that supreme moment when the vessel settled down and two hundred souls sunk into eternity the usefulness of a couple of small rafts would have been beyond calculation. An unexplicable feature of this new horror is the ease with which the "Loch Earn" stove in the side of one of the largest and most perfect vessels that ever crossed the Atlantic.

There has been a very lively discussion between the Congregationalist body of Brooklyn and Plymouth Church. A member of the latter who had preferred scandalous charges against Mr. Beecher was allowed to fall out of his membership with the church, and the Congregationalists of other churches protested against this. Plymouth Church, which is also Cougregationalist, resisted the intrusion, and headed by Mr. Beecher, proclaimed its independence of all ecclesiastical dictation. A great deal of feeling has been excited in consequence, and we shall probably hear more of it before long.

At the recent meeting of the Great Western shareholders in London, the chairman was good enough to inform his hearers that a part of the Grand Trunk runs through America THE FLANEUR.

A gentleman had five goese and five ducks prepared for a elect party of ten. I asked him the meaning of this divirelect party of con. I asked him the meaning of this division. "Why," said he, with a knowing smile, "a goose for every woman and a duck for every man! "Tis a picture of life."

This is something like the hen that laid the golden egg. A gentleman in Quebec went to market the other day, and bought two couples of chicken, at fifty cents a couple. On returning home, he gave them in to be dressed. The cook found inside one of them, a coloured stone which she handed to found inside one of the stone was shown to a jeweller, who proher master. who pro-nounced it an agate, worth one dollar and fifty cents. Better than nothing.

Speaking of agates reminds me of a queer derivation for the Speaking of agazes reminus me of a queer derivation for the word. It was originally a charm which led the traveller safely on his way. The fidus Achales of Æías was not a man, but this stone. Hence the name.

The best thing the Danbury man ever said. Some one having expressed surprise that he was not on the list of lecturers for the American Bureau. (400," replied Bailey, resignedly, "I don't lecture myself. I'm married."

A good story about Brignoli whose well-known gallantry was for once well repaid by a woman.

It was a few weeks ago, at the Grand Opera, Paris. Brignoli was playing Manrico to the Leonora of Mile Krauss. In the tower-scene, the silver noted tenor had sung "Ah! che la morte," in his best manner, the hidden chorus of nuns had chanted " Miserere," and Leonora, crouching along the wall, in her weeds, had given forth "All' orrida torre." There was a thunder of applause and multitudinous bouquets were showered on the scene. Mlle Krauss, desirous that her trou-badour should share the ovation withher, went deliberately to the foot of the tower, opened the door, called down her burly companion, and led him by the hand to the footlights. Much merriment ensued at the disillusion, and peals of renewed applause followed. Then Brignoli returned to his aerial station, was locked in, and intoned in grand style, the second strophe of the number, " Sconto col sangue mio."

I'll warrant that the fair soprano got a kiss that night from the handsome tenor.

It is announced that Fechter is going to appear again in "Hamlet," this winter. His rendering of this character is very original, and, as such, has provoked much discussion. Several of his readings are certainly remarkable. Thus when Horatio, as the ghost appears on the platform of the castle of Elsinore, exclaims:
"1'll cross it, though it blast me,"

Fechter insists that he must not step athwart the line of the King's advance, as most actors do, but make the sign of the cross. His argument is that Denmark was Catholic, in the time of Hamlet, and, as is well known, the sign of the cross was then regarded as a talisman against spiritual and demoniscal ills. I confess I like this reading, because it is pretty and fanciful. But perhaps some Shakespearian critics might adduce a good reason why it should not be accepted.

A Kingston telegram gravely informs us that both parties were surprised at the triumphant election of Mr. Cartwright. So they were, but how differently!

What hypocrites pretty girls are l

Matilda was sitting at her window, one balmy evening, last September, and looking out for Mortimer. But Mortimer did not come. Perhaps he was amusing himself with another girl. So Matilda got disgusted, drammed on the casement with her soft fingers, declared she was disgusted with this world, got suddenly inspired with religion, looked up to the sky and

I wish I were an angel.
In the bosom of God, in the bosom of God,
With the light of his face for my only evangel,
Up and away from this desolate sod.
Ah me! eternally.

She had scarcely finished this ecstatic strain, when she felt her waist encircled by a pair of manly arms. She heaved a sigh, rolled up her eyes, and let her head fall back languidly on Mortimer's breast. Oh! what an angel.

The beauty of the human form lies in its proportion. A small woman must have a small foot, but it is ridiculous for a fair-sized, well-developed female to squeeze her foot into a tight boot, in order to make it little. In her case, a good-sized foot is beautiful. Goethe's Marguerite had a large foot, and so had the lovely Countess Guiccioli.

I saw a queer picture the other day.

Scene on board ship. A fearful tempest raging. Rain, lightning, darkness in the background. In the foreground ed by the officers, and prepared to descend. One minute more and it would be too late. Just then she takes out a handkerchief, gathers her dress about her ankles and ties it tight, so that its folds may not flutter indiscreetly, as she goes down the rope.

There were three or four of us looking at the picture. We

all admired its workmanship. But what of the woman?

"She is an angel of modesty," said one.

" A prude," said another.

"She ought to be pitched head-foremost into the sea, as fit food for the whales," was my rancorous criticism.

What say you, true women?

A spooney friend made a desperate attempt yesterday. As we were going along, we met a bery of school girlspretty big girls they were—who were throwing snow at each other. The most ardent in the game was a lovely blende, a Nilsson blonde, as white as her ermine tippet.

"I declare," said Spooney, " here is a snow ball shooting in

ALMAVIVA.

Documber !"

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

MISTAKES.

BY

An old bachelor is very likely to fall into one of two extremes. He often becomes a Buck, and is effusively polite to the ladies, nodding reguishly at them till you fear his preternaturally black wig will fall off, grinning with his false teeth and pursing up his old rouged and wrinkled cheeks till you laugh in your sleeve at him. You laugh to see him rambling along with his poor feet in tight patent leathers, while they long for the easy slipper, and you know that he wears stays and pads, and has his shoulders "built up." Poor old soul, he fights hard with Time, but he wins few victories. Despite his dyed moustache, you instinctively know that he is an old man, and while he is paying petits soins to you, my little belle of eighteen, you are assured the man might be your grandfather. Be polite to him. Treat his servility kindly, my dear. Overlook his folbles, and try to remember that the gray hairs which you would indeed respect are hid under that black wig; that after all he is an old man in musti, and he thinks his disguise pleases you, ma petite. It is useless, we know, you and I, my charming middle-aged friend, Mrs. Murlington, we know it is useless to contend with the Inevitable. Stronger than paint and padding Time sets his stamp. We cannot deny his brand. The other class of bachelors are apt to turn philosophers-pseudo-philosophers, perhaps. They are a triffe cynical. They look around at life and draw sage deductions. They filter the extravagance of youth through the sieve of their experience and give you wise saws. But young men and maidens are apt to despise this gratuitous wisdom and wait till the hard lesson is taught them by their own struggle through life.

I hear the pleasant laugh of my vivacious little Rosabel as she exclaims, "Ah, ha, Monsieur, I know to which class you belong, you dear old Cynic!" Well, perhaps you do, Rosie. While I respect the ladies, while I honour the sex to which my mother belonged, I am not effusive. I like their societyin moderation, just as we like piquant sauces and sweetmeats, occasionally as a relish, but not as our entire food. They are apt to be, perhaps, a trifle monotonous as a wife, when we are forced to see them at all times; to have them by our sides, merry or sad; to have no escape! I think I should, like St. Paul, cry out in forcible language for deliverance from this body-but we'll not discuss that question. I am past the time of marrying and giving in marriage. I know, Rosie, that while the Captain has his arm around your waist-there is no need for your hanging out the drapeau rouge, dear; men will do it-and while your head rests upon his shoulder, you will laugh merrily at the old man. God knows I would not stop you, Cynic though you call me. I am not so wedded to Cynicism but that I know I have made mistakes in my life. This may be a mistake. I would not hold one little dear back from the temple of Hymen. I would not put one obstacle in the way, but I have no inclination to travel in that direction myself.

What kind of mistakes have I made? Some curious ones, some sad in their nature. Do you remember the little paper I wrote about small white hands? That was a mistake. I calculated that the owner of those delicate hands should have been petite, but instead she was coarse. I recollect that business used to bring me down one quiet street every day for a long time, at a regular hour. There was one house looked more quiet than the rest. It had an atmosphere of repose around it. In the parlour window there was always the face of a girl. She was very pale. Her yellow hair was simply looped back with a blue ribbon, and hereves had a sorrowful, expression. I set her down as a romantic young creature, one much given to yellow-covered literature. I said to myself more than once: here is a young lady waiting at the lattice, wondering why tarry the wheels of the chariot that is to bring Prince Prettiman to her arms. A helpless, love-sick thing, a mixture of morbid rapture and sickly sentiment. Yet what was the fact? I learned it months afterwards. This girl was the only daughter of a widow mother who had been bed-ridden for years. Paleface sat up with her at night, and nursed and tended her with loving care, and who will deny her a few minutes' relief, a little gazing into the streets, to contrast with the monotony of that room? I made a mistake.

I used to meet a gentleman with a very red nose and a face blossoming into pimples. I have chuckled and poked sly jokes at companions as we passed by, and calculated the cost of colouring that face. I judged a tort. The honest gentleman laboured under a scorbutic affection, and so far from being a drunkard, was a member of the Good Templars, and a Worthy Grand or a High Old Patriarch, or something of that kind, in the order.

The other night at a concert I saw a young lady inclining considerable to embonpoint, and with her dress very décoiletée. She threw off her opera shawl, and there was a good deal of beauty to be seen that charming maids are not often prodigal of, even to the chaste moon. She drew off her gloves and flashed her diamond fingers as she boldly used her lorgnette. She tossed her head of tcherelte hair a good deal about, two beetling rocks against which the wreck was driving. One and the laughter that rippled from her lips could be heard boat lowered. Four men on its benches holding on to a cable, down which a female passenger was to slide. The female a on her checks, and the pencil had done much for her eye-down which a stood on the edge of the deck, surround-brows. She looked a little fast, and I, in my old-bachelor way, made some comments to a young companion that were not altogether complimentary to the lady. We had our little jokes at her expense, when a highly respectable old gentleman intimated to us in a whisper that perhaps we were not aware that the young lady was a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hardgun. Crede Byron, daughter of a Methodist clergyman! Shade of Wesley, what a disciple! Surely, messieurs et mesdames, this was a mistake! I think in this instance she was to blame. If our virtuous young girls take the Aspasias of the city as their models and dress like them, it is not to be wondered at that an old fogic makes an occasional mistake.

I made one mistake in the Long Ago that I can never forget, that at times I think colours all my life, that flashes out little arrows of pain and rays of darkness, if I may use the expression. I thought Lydia was true-hearted, honest, sincere. I trusted her with my heart, I built up castles, and she and I swept down the stately corridors-but I made a mistake. She was cold and selfish. When the experimentum crucis came, this Lydia, with my heart in her hand, proved herself a sorry mesquine! Let it pass, we are apt to make mistakes. I have made mine. Ladies and gentlemen, which of you can escape a similar confession?

NEW BOOKS.

HER FACE WAS HER FORTUNE. A Novel. By F. W. Robinson. Paper. pp. 159. Price, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

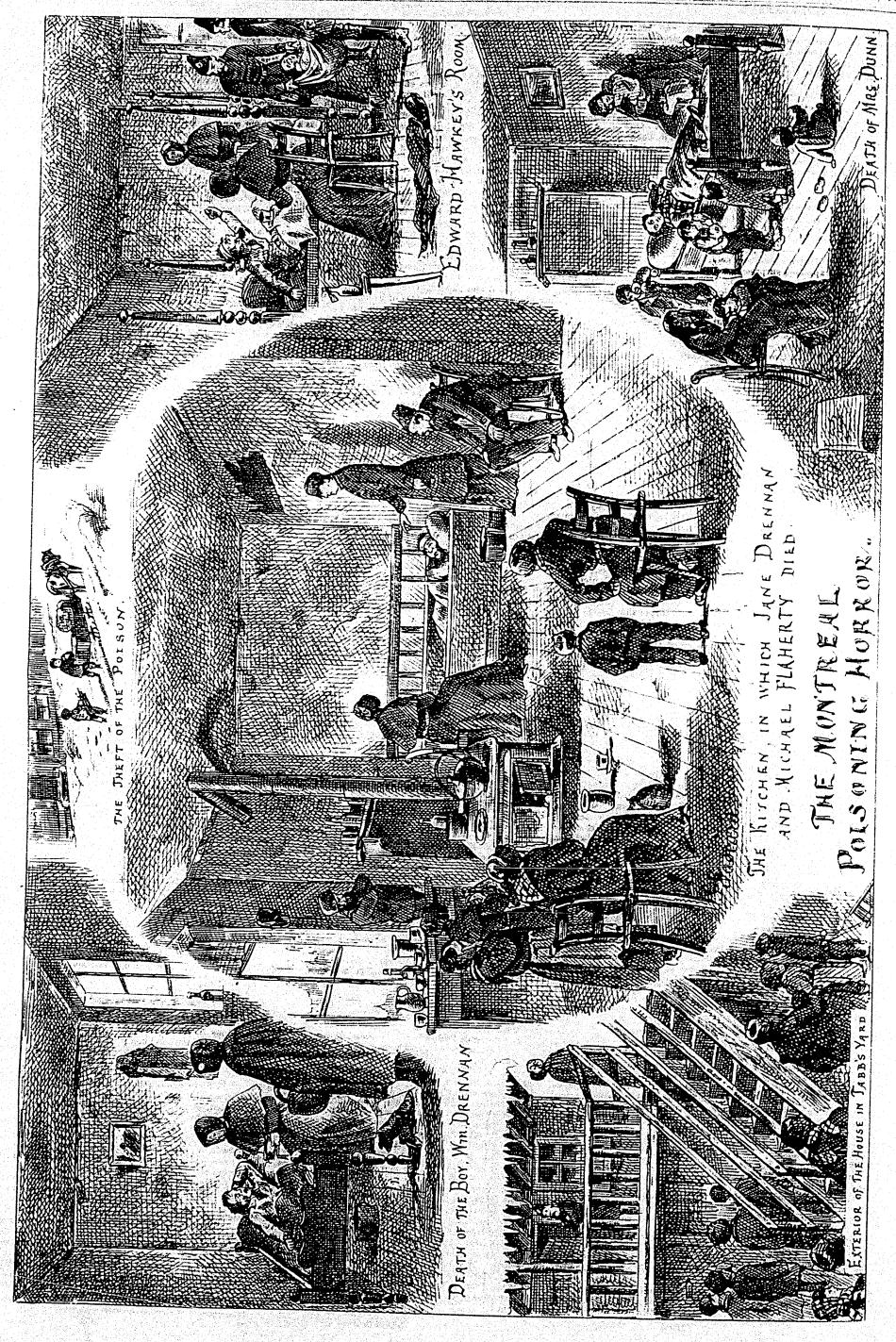
Notwithstanding its many good points—and they are not w—we cannot venture to predict for Mr. Robinson's new novel the same success as was obtained by its predecessors. It is undoubtedly a book of great merit, ingeniously devised and constructed, the situations are striking, at times perhaps too melodramatic, the characters are well conceived, but there is a something wanting that mars the general effect. There is no lack of mystery, and no lack of love-making, much playing at cross-purposes between wavering lovers, touches of incense pathos-so many recommendatory features for the mass of novel buyers—yet the story somehow, to use a vulgar-ism hangs fire. In the early part it promises to be interesting; the middle portion is provocative of much "skipping," and it is only towards the end that the reader becomes thoroughly interested. Without intending a double entendre we may fairly say that the end is the best part, and it is only on reaching the end that the reader will be able to appreciate the book. A second perusal would doubtless bring it out in a better light. But who thinks of reading a novel twice?

SOUTH SEA IDYLLE. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Cloth. 16mo Red Edges. pp. 354. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: E, F. Grafton.

This charming little book forms another of the delicate volumes of the "Saunterings" series. The Idylls are a series of sketches, which have already appeared in the pages of the Atlantic and the Overland Monthly, of life in Tahiti and Otaheite—sketches which we have no doubt the readers of these two magazines will remember, for their raciness and dreaminess and above all the revelation of a new life of which they gave us a faint and passing glimpse. Mr. Stoddard should have been a Lotos Eater. His far niente is delicious. He is never so happy as when he is lying on his back doing nothing and giving his whole mind to it. He is a child of the Harold Skimpole kind, but infinitely more amusing and less objectionable. Of course, from a philosopher of this class we do not expect the whole truth. He is by far too amiable to depict the dark side of human nature, so he shows us the Kancka as bright and as loveable as his own beloved climate. As might be expected there is an amount of sameness in some of the sketches, but this is relieved by the writer's quaint humour, of the true Pacific School. In his threefold character of author, post and artist, he gives some wonderful descriptions of scenery, and creates within his reader's breast an intense longing to quit the bleak climate of the North and revel in the soft perfumed air, and among the rich fruits and gorgeous flowers of these Isles of the Blessed. The sketches—sixteen in number-embody the writer's experiences on several visits to the islands, where he was, except on one sad occasion, hailfellow well-met with his darling Kanakas, for whose style, or absence, of civilization he professes, and undoubtedly feels a decided preference to the trammels of ceremony, the ousiness, the rush and noise of life in more advanced worlds. It is needless to say that he is a cynic. Yet his cynicism is so harmless, so pleasant, that it is more an attraction than otherwise. The book is one which will be taken up with pleasure, laid down with regret, and resumed with renewed expectation and a fresh sense of its beauties.

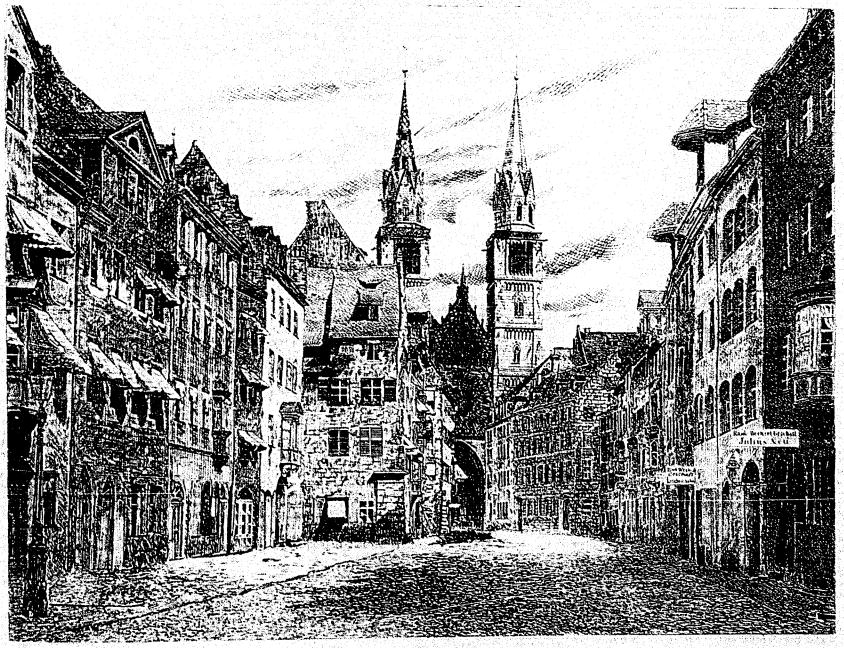
Nova Scotta, in its Historical, Mercantile and Industrial Relations. By Duncan Campbell, Halifax, N. S. Printed and published by John Lovell, Montreal.

Modern History opens with a glorious discovery, that of America. This discover, was made by Columbus on the twelfth day of October, 1492. Prior to this time the science of Geography could not be said to have existed; all was confusion as to the shape and configuration of the earth. This discovery led Henry VII. of England, in the hope of rivalling Spain in the field of naval adventure, to grant a pa ent to Sebastien (labot by which he was empowered to prepare an expedition for the discovery of new lands. To Cabot belongs the honour of discovering Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, In the volume now under notice the author has traced the historical, mercantile and industrial progress of Nova Scotia from the time of its discovery, when it was exclusively inhabited by the Micmacs, a race of the Algonquin North American Indians, down to the death of the late Hon. Joseph Howe. In so doing he has availed himself of the labours of two historical predecessors, Thomas C. Haliburton and Beamish Murdoch, both natives of Nova Scotia, and he is indebted to the unpublished records of the Province belonging to the Local Parliament, and numerous unpublished prize essays on the Province deposited in King's College, Windsor, N. S. Whatever may have been the labours of Haliburton and Murdoch they merely supplied the materials for the picture, rather than exhibited the picture itself-or, they were as the groups, or main features of the composition, wanting that keeping and expression which arise entirely from the effect of colour. The pencil of Campbell has supplied their deficiency and has given to the people of Nova Scotia a picture of their country which will not only be pleasant to their eyes, but to the eyes of all British subjects in North America. The author has displayed a great amount of research; his work is at once luminous and compressed, and we are not sure whether young people can commence their acquaintance with the history of Nova Scotia by the aid of a better guide. The author's colouring of some of the political characters which have figured in Nova Scotian history will necessarily be seen with different eyes by Conservatives and Grits, yet it must be fairly acknowledged that the cause of historical truth is in all respects promoted by cautious investigation and dispassionate In addition to the history proper there are chapters especially devoted to the coal fields, iron ores, and the fisheries, which will be found exceedingly useful to those actively engaged in commerce, and may be recommended for their accuracy. The volume is interspersed with a number of short biographies of the various Governors of the Province and of some of the leading statesmen; these, though interesting by them-selves, mar to a certain extent the continuity of the historical narrative, making what the author intended as ornamental accessories to his pictures to be nothing more than groupings out of place. Nevertheless he has done a good service in a field of literature which as yet on this continent has not been well cultivated. A good sterling, impartial, and faithful history of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario is yet to be written and would prove of inestimable value, and we trust there will soon arise among us some Hume or Smollet, Turner or Lingard, whose efforts will be crowned with success.





THE NINEVEH STONE, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.



NUREMBERG.—THE KAROLINEN STRASSE.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

The Christmas preparations have begun. It is only necessary to take a very brief stroll abroad to assure oneself of this. St. Andrew's Feast, with its attendant balls and banquetings, has passed, and we have fairly entered upon the sober decorous season which gives us time to make ready for the festivities of the closing year. I have always taken it as a very kind and considerate thing on the part of Holy Mother Church or whoever it was mapped out the calendar to give us these four weeks of Advent to brace ourselves up for Christmas joviality and its fell consequences. I am very much in doubt whether the originators of the season had exactly this end in view, but I am grateful all the same. This is the season of expectation Boys and girls at school are looking forward gleefully to speedy release from their books, while materfamilias ruefully contemplates the season of unrest and confusion their presence will bring. Clorinda, who is a little passée, wonders whether she will get off at last; Sacharissa vows that she will bring faint-hearted young Moneybags to proposing point, and pretty douce little Aimée, whose first season it is, is in a constant flutter of anticipation and delight that pleasantly contrasts with the well-bred self-possession of her more mature sisters. And papa? Papa is in his study, busied with his expectations. They are of a less rosy tint. Over-due notes, tradesmen's bills, Christmas boxes, and empty purses are the sum and substance of his dreams.

If in the spring-time the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, with the approach of winter the reflections of the staid householder veer somewhat heavily and unwillingly in the direction of debts. Settling day is at hand and it behaves him to come down with his shekels or suffer the consequences of defalcation. Of the two-love or debt-I declare I hardly know which is the more perplexing. On reflection I admit that the former betrays the most alarming symptoms, while the latter is dangerous chiefly in its results. I have known a young man grow fat over his debts, though they were no small matter and he was harrassed by a tribe of duns who for dogged persistence and diabolical ingenuity of invention never had their equal. Yet the same youth thinned down to a mere skeleton under the consuming influence of a little love affair that ended in smoke after all. His worst and most vindictive creditors never troubled my young prodigal's easy temper and digestion, though all the engines of the law were set at work against him. He was sued, garnished, capiassed, and what not?-what do I know of such matters?-but he only laughed and began again. The youth was a mystery to me; I found myself respecting, almost revering him as more than mere mortal clay. Until one day my idol broke. He met his fate, as he called her, though of course she did not turn out to be indispensable to his existence after all; and from that day he began to wilt. His goodly proportions vanished, his comeliness departed from him, and in three weeks he was a mere spectre. No, madam, you need not shake your ambrosial locks at me. I am not telling you my own experiences. With young prodigal's case before me I am afraid I notet tule, at the risk of offending all the dear good ready-money people, that love, so long as it lasts, is more trying than cebt. Imagine, sir, the immense wear and tear on the average vouth's brain during that arduous period when his main lusiness in life is the composition of sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow. Did you ever see a young man so deeply intent on the problem of reconciling his assets and liabilities as upon that of finding a better rhyme for Flora than 'adore her?' Oh, the weary nights he spends, after the day's pretence at work, in ringing the changes on his beloved's name, while the dear one, all unconscious of his pangs and labours, is sleeping the slumber of the just! In this women show themselves wiser in their generation than the sons of men. You don't catch them sitting up into the wee small hours prospecting around for a rhyme for Henry, or William, or Augustus. They know better than that. Angelina, who is engaged to young Hopeful there, dismisses her lover ten-derly at ten o'clock and goes off to her rest like a sensible girl, while the young man, after driving the old folks upstairs to desperation by the unconscionable length of his stay, betakes himself home to rhyme and rhapsodize until the sun peeps in at the windows. These are the facts of the case, believe me: experto crede, which my fast young friend would translate with more force than elegance, I know how it is myself. Yet if we may be permitted to peep into Angelina's escritoire, we shall doubtless find sundry scraps of paper, inscribed in a fine school-girl's hand with such cabalistic words as 'Angelina Hopeful,' 'Mrs. Henry Hopeful.' Just to see how it looks, my

What a mournful Christmas it will be for many this year! The festive season always brings me a feeling of sadnesss. 'This time last year,' what a flood of recollections the words call up. How many well-known faces have betaken themselves to the unexplored shore since this time last year. How many of us look around to find ourselves well nigh alone since we last celebrated the season of peace and good-will. Here a relation is missing, there a dear friend, one of these near companions of the kind that stick closer than a brother.

'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus Tam cari capitis?'

Let us not be ashamed of our honest sorrow. If we have lost a carum caput it is no shame to bewail his loss. There is humanity enough left in the world, the cynics notwithstanding, to weep with them that weep and rejoice with those who do rejoice. In many homes this Christmas will bring more than its usual share of sadness. Multitudes who have hitherto been accustomed to comfort and easy living will now learn for the first time the full stern meaning of 'Hard Times.' And in how many homes will there be mourning for the lost ones just perished in the great accident of which men yet speak with moist eyes and bated breath. How the heart goes out to those poor mortals who in mid ocean were hurried into eternity with twelve minutes to make their peace with their Maker! Twelve minutes to atone for the sins and follies of a life-time! But genug gepredigt. We can all, and do doubtless, feel sufficiently on such sad subjects. In the midst of our preparations for the Christmas festivities let us have a warm corner in our hearts for those whom the ocean has robbed and a well-filled end to our purses for those whom the recklessness and selfishness of their fellow men have turned upon the cold charity of the world.

SALATHIEL

PEARLS OF FRENCH COOKERY.

The rarer products of French cookery, says the author of "French Home Life," are beyond the reach of the nation as a whole; daily home life knows little of them, but yet an allusion to them can scarcely be omitted in an examination of the food of France. It is, however, in their local rather than their general character that they present real interest. Everybody has dined at Philippe's and the Moulin Rouge; everybody has eaten, at least once in his life, "when he was in Paris," one curious dinner of which the memory dwells within him; when he made acquaintance with a bisque d'écrevisses and a saule de filets de sole à la Venitienne, and a Kromieski de volaille, and cailles en caisse, and a crême à la Bourbonnaise, or half a dozen other amazing compounds with similarly unintelligible denominations. But the number of us who have eaten grilled Royans at Bordeaux, or crawfish out of the Fontaine de Vaucluse, or calissons at Aix, or violets and roses at Grasse, or foics de canard in the Périgord, or the other peculiar products of twenty other places, is probably somewhat limited. And, more than all, how many of us have dined at the Réserve at Marseille, that famous restaurant on the Mediterranean shore, where the brothers Roublon have acquired immortal fame? There is but one word in English which describes the sensation of the traveller who eats there for the first time—that word is revelation. New truths seem to be imparted to you as you swallow, new objects and new theories of life seem to float around you, strange ideas come to you across the sea; and when it is all over, when with a calmbringing cigar, your legs stretched out, you silently digest and think, with the Chateau d'If and the flickering waves before you in the moonlight, you gratefully thank Providence for having led you there. All this is the effect of garlic, which works upon you like hashish. You began your dinner with Preyres, shell-fish which are as good as oysters, and with them you drank the stony flavoured white wine which grows on the rocks at Cassis, half-way to Toulon. Then you took a soup called Bourride, a fascinating mixture of creamy-fish, thin bread, and ailloli a purée of hot garlic. Then came red mullets, en papillotte, the woodcocks of the sea. Your mouth having become somewhat hot, you stopped to cool yourself with Rubion's Musigny of 1837, stimulated by a little l'outargue a preparation of fish eggs superior to cariar. Comforted and strengthened, you began again on fillets of duck, into which the essence of a hundred olives from the Crau had been injected by simultaneous stewing. One glass of Latour of 1854 materially helped you at this juncture. Then came a Chateaubriand, floating in a remoulade of which one-half was ailloli again. Here, as you will remember, you needed three more glasses of that Latour. Vegetables you refused, you had had enough; but you toyed a little with an unknown soft cake soaked in syrup of Kirsch assisted by un-leed dry champagne (Roussillon's carte d'or). Finally, you got to your hotel to bed, and tossed about all night in a red-hot fever. In your fitful sleep you dreamed that you were Monte Cristo; and you felt frightfully ill next morning; that was garlic again; the people of the country told you, however, that you would become accustomed to it after four or five years of patient practice. "The sea hath its pearls, the heaven hath its stars;" England has Richmond and Greenwich; France has the Pavillon Henri Quatre, at St. Germain, and the Réserve at Marseille. Maids-of-honor and whitebait, however, do not reach the height of the filet Bearnaise in Seine-et-Oise, or of the ailloli in the Bouches du Rhone; they are certainly the pearls and stars of lofty eating. If you doubt it, try it. The white fish on Lake Superior, the prawns that get fat on the dead negroes who are buried in the sea at Rio Janeiro, the canvasbacks in October at Baltimore, are all sweet to est and to recollect, but they are pale indeed by the side of ailloli.

gleus of the Aveck.

THE DOMINION.—Mr. O. E. Beckford has been nominated as the Conservative candidate for West Toronto, in opposition to Mr. T. Moss, Government candidate.——Eighteen thousand dollars worth of property was destroyed by fire at Halifax on Sunday.——A Branch Home Rule Society has been formed in Toronto.——The St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, has adopted the terms of union of the Scotch Church with the Presbyterian Church of Canada.——Numerous applications for employment are made daily at the Ottawa lumbermen's offices, but there is no demand; those who have been engaged are receiving forty per cent. less wages than last year.——Much destitution prevails in Toronto owing to lack of employment.——The Hon. D. A. Macdonaid, the Hon. A. J. Smith, and the Hon. Mr. Cartwright, have been re-elected for their respective constituencies, the two former by acclamation.

UNITED STATES.—The failure of the grain crop last summer produced great destitution in a portion of north-western Iowa.—Ingersoil, another of the infamous Tammany Ring, has been sentenced to five years in Sing-Sing.—Tweed's counsel will present a bill comprising nine objections on which to base arguments for a stay of proceedings. In the meantime, the condemned is not to be sent to Blackwell's Island.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Sir John Duke Coleridge, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, is to be raised to the Peerage, under the title of Baron Coleridge.

GERMANY.—Gen. Manteuffel and Count von Goeben fought a duel on Saturday, to decide a quarrel winch arose during the Franco-Prussian war. The Count was seriously wounded in the stomach.

SPAIN.—The "Virginius" question has been amicably settled. Spain will restore the "Virginius" and surviving prisoners, and apologize, leaving the question of indemnity to arbitration.—
Under a threat of bombarding Cartagena, the North German squadron last week compelled the insurgents to restore 25,000 pesetus, which had been extorted from the German residents of that city. The city is now being bombarded by the National troops.—The Carlists report that typhus fever and small-pox prevail to such an extent among the Republican troops that they are unable to make any offensive movement.

CUBA.—A letter from Havana states that the people there would not permit the "Virginius" to be given up to the United States Government, or any reparation to be made for the execution of her crew, even if the order were sent from Madrid.

APRICA.—Despatches from Cape Coast Castle report another engagement, lasting an hour, in which the natives were defeated with a loss of thirty men. The British loss was light.

JAPAN.—Advices from Japan state that on the 24th October

JAPAN.—Advices from Japan state that on the 24th October the Mikado's Ministry, with two exceptions, sent in their resignations, which were accepted, though some have since withdrawn them. The trouble arose from a proposition to send an expedition against Cores.

Motes and Queries.

CHECKMATE.—What is the origin of the word "checkmate"? [It is a rendering of the Arabic Es-cheikh imát : The sholk (king) is dying.—Ex.

CONEY CATCHING.—In response to T. K.'s query concerning the phrase "coney-catching," I inform him that it is equivalent to the now current epithet, "thinning them out," denoting the getting hold of a youth and deluding him in every possible manner. Chas. Knight, in his vocabulary of Shakspearian expressions, loosely terms it thieving.

C. D. H.

RULE THE ROAST.—I have heard the term "ruled the rost," and while I understood its import—such as, in slang, "Cock of the Walk," "Top of the Tree," &c.,—but I was not previously aware from whence the saying came until reading intely Holland's Translation of Pliny, p. 109, ed. 1600, wherein is the following passage:

"In this new state of Government, Applus was the manthat bare the greatest stroke, he ruled the rost, and swated all the rest, so highly stood he in grace and favour of the people."

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA PROPHESIED.—A prophecy from Seneca relative to the discovery of America: "There shall come a time in later ages when Ocean shall relax his chains and a vast continent appear; and a pilot shall find new worlds, and Thule shall be no more earth's bound." See Medea xi., 375.

Ventent annis

Sweala seris, quibus Oceanus Vinculor rerum laxet, et ingens Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novos Delegat orbes; nec sit terris Ultima Thuie.

Thus translated by John Studely, 1566:
Time shall in fluo outbreake

When ocean wave shall open every Realme,
The wandering World at will shall open lye;
And Typhis will some new found land survay.
Some travellers shall the countreys farre escrye,
Beyond small Thule, knowen furthest at this day.
SENECA. His tenne tragedies. Translated into English.

GO GET THEE TO YAUGHAN."-In reply to a friend who is puzzled about the saying of the grave-digger in Hamlet, Act 5, sc. 1,—"Go get thee to Yangban and fetch me a stoop of liquor," and who thinks it a corruption of Youghal-as Indeed some actors pronounce it-I wrote: There can be but little doubt that the word Yaughan is a corruption, unless it is intended for the name of a publican whose bar or tap-room was in Shakspeare's time, even as it is now in English country towns and villages, near to the church. Or it may have been the name of a keeper of some tavern, near the old Globe Theatre, which was well known to the groundlings, or frequenters of the pit, or to the comedian playing the part, who had forgotten Hamlet's advice: "Let those who play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." Sending a man for a drink from the buryingground at Elsinore to Youghal would indeed "set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh though indeed in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered." A Youghal in Denmark would be an anachronism, but what of that? Hamlet swears by Saint Patrick; and converses with Guildenstern on the Children of the Chapel of Sunt Paul's. If the second grave-digger had been despatched to Youghal, there would have been time to have buried the whole court, King, Queen, Hamlet, and Lucries, ere the first gravedigger would have got his stoop of liquor and took "his rouse."

Again, the Y may have been substituted for a V—Vaughan is by no means an uncommon name; at all events there is nothing so aristocratic about it that we may not find a Thomas Vaughan keeping a village "Nag's-Head" or "Castle and Bear."

The whole sentence may have been interpolated, as the second grave-digger did not come back with the liquor; and judging from the general habits of grave-diggers and undertakers at funerals, it is more than probable that the grave-digger would have taken his stoop with him. But as the sentence, "Go get thee to Yaughan," remains in most of the editions, let us make the best we can of it. Collier's annotator has changed Yaughan to yon. In Warwickshire and some of the Midiand counties you is a very common expression. Even now, with people of the class from whom grave-diggers, masons, shipwrights, carpenters, and gallows-makers would be elected. Dost know yon? Go yond' and fetch yon thing. Whose yonder chap? may be heard daily. Therefore it would be natural for the grave-digger to say to his mate or chum, "go to yon," or "go yonder," meaning thereby to such a person or place; his mate would know from whom he generally got his stoop, or the place where the liquor was sold. The simple command, go to yon, or go yonder, would have been explicit enough.

Perhaps go get thee to yon or yond is the best solution of the difficulty. In "Tweifth Night," act 2, sc. 4, we have "go get thee to yon same sovereign crueity; and again, in act 3, sc. 2, Maria says to Sir Toby Belch, "Yond" gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado." In "King Lear," act 4, sc. 6, we have, "See how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark in thine ear, change places; and handy-dandy which is the justice? which is the thief?" In "Cymbeline," act 3, sc. 3, Belarius says: "Now for our mountain sport. Up to yon hill, your legs are young." In "As You Like It," Celia, act 2, sc. 4, says: "I pray you, one of you question yond' man," &c. In "Richard II," act 3, sc. 3, we find both King Richard and Percy using the word yond"—"Tell Bolingbroke, for yond' methinks he stands," "King Richard lies within the limits of yond' lime and stone." King John says to Hubert, act 3, sc. 3, "Throw thine eye on yond' young boy." The Friar, in "Homeo and Juliet," act 5, sc. 3, asks "What torch is yond'?" Bedford says to Taibot in "First Henry VI," act 2, sc. 1, "I'll to yon corner." Mrs. Page, in the "Merry Wives," act 4, sc. 2, says to Jirs. Ford, "Why, woman, your husband is in his old iunes again, he so takes on yonder with my husband." Cominius, in "Coriolanus," act i, sc. 5, puts this question as Marcius is entering: "Who's yonder that does appear as if he were flay'd?"

to Enough. Shakspeare uses the words yon, yond' and yonder about one hundred and forty times—see Clarke's Concordance—and he puts the words into the mouths of every grade of character from clowns to priests, gentle ladies, stern warriors, haughty barons, and proud kings. Milton uses them very seidom, not, perhaps, more than a dozen times; but the one poet was a Midland county man who spoke and wrote "Augio Saxon," the other was a Londoner, and Cromwell's Latin secretary. Here are a few quotations from "Paradise Lost":

Seest thou you dreary plain, Book 1, L. 180 Under you boiling ocean, "2, "183 You flowry arbours, youder alloys green, "4, "626 To waste and have youder world, "10, "617 More orient in you western cloud, "11, "205

In another place Milton has—
"First and chiefest with thee bring,

Him that you soars on golden wing."
Should any correspondents to or readers of the column of Notes and Queries think differently to myself, I shall be glad to hear their opinious on this Yaughan question.

THOMAS D. KING.

(For the Canadian Illustrated Notes.)

NATURE.

".Nature is the Latin Natura—about to be born." ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

O teachers of the Tuscan lore.
Who taught Rome's sons to word their wills,
What was the thought "Natura" bore,
When spoken on the Seven Hills?

O sibyl-seers, wise and wild, Interpreters 'tween brain and tongue, What was the theme of which you sung— The Mother or the Coming Child?

Those sages of the past, I fear, My thirst for truth will hardly quench, But what saith one whom I revere Who bears the name of Richard Trench?

"Unborn, but growing to its birth, A "child of promise" in the womb, Oft leaping in the womb for mirth With prescience of the life to come,"

I hail the thought, my great book-friend, Though gently shaded by a doubt— For "ura" is a common end Some Latin words look queer without.

But men are wiser than they think,
Though seldom when they think they're wise,
And common ends may touch the brink
Of vast and awful mysteries.

For is not Nature, after all,
The babe that lies in Wisdom's womb,
Waiting the promised hour to come
Which all its powers to life shall call? JOHN READE.

Miscellaneous.

Law vs. Medicine

Sir Henry Holland was one day engaged in hot argument with Bobus Smith, an ex-Advocate-General, touching the merits of their respective professions. "You will admit," said Holland, "that your profession does not make angels of men." "No," retorted Bobus; "there you have the best of it. Fours certainly gives them the best chance."

A Monster Distilling Apparatus.

A monster distilling apparatus, consisting of a set of cisterns and about four thousand feet of galvanised iron pipe for distilling and condensing sea, marsh, and bush waters, so as to make them useful for drinking purposes, has been sent out to the Gold Coast from Woolwich for use, either at Cape Coast Castle or at some other station, as the commander of the expedition may direct.

The largest of these cisterns will contain about six thousand

Consumption of Writing Paper.

According to Dr. Rudal of Vienna, the English are undoubtedly the most soribbling nation in the world—if the annual amount of paper consumed be taken in evidence. Thus, each English man, woman, and child, uses Ililibs. of paper per annum. The United States comes next, with 10 libs.; then Germany, 8lbs.; France, 7 libs.; British America, 5 libs.; Italy and Austria, 3 libs.; Mexico and Central America, 2lbs.; Spain 1 lib.; while Russia concludes the list with 1lb. per person.

No. You Don't!

A gang of sharpers last week induced a simple-faced country. man, who was apparently lost at a London railway terminus, to accompany them and have some agreeable, choice, and extensive refreshments. At the end thereof they wanted to show the countryman how to take care of his money, then to play at cards, and then at skittles, all of which the rustic declined. Thereat they were rude and overbearing, and demanded "his card." He gave it-Sergeant C-—(detective), &c., &c.

A Submarine Vessel.

It is stated that there is now being constructed at Cronstadt a submarine vessel of enormous dimensions. In it two thousand tons of iron and steel have been employed. It is propelled by two powerful air engines, will be armed with a formidable ram, and will carry all the means for fixing to the hulls of vessels large cylinders of powder which it can afterwards explode by electricity. Two glass eyes will enable the crew to find their way about, and they may choose their course at what depth they please below water.

Emerson and the Artist.

Mr. Emerson, while in Bome last winter, visited the studio of an American artist, whose smallest bits of canvas bring an alan American actust, whose similarst one canvas bring an at-most incredible price. The artist, wishing art to pay a tribute to genius, took from its hanging a picture handsomely framed and presented it to his guest. The next day Mr. Emerson, over-taken by a stinging conscience, came again, and in his hand was the empty frame, which he handed to the artist, with this "I accept gladly your painting, but I must return the frame, for I cannot keep anything of so great a pecuniary value." Apropos of the Comte de Chambord.

A story is told of the Comte de Chambord in the late Lord Lytton's Parisians, which seems to us happily characteristic of the exited and visionary Prince. When Louis Napoleon was President of the French Republic, and when gloomy fears as to the future of the country were abroad, it was suggested to the Comte de Chambord that he should come forward and save his native land by offering himself as a candidate for the throne. "No," he is represented as replying, with a calm smile on his face, "the wrecks come to the shore, the shore does not go to the wrecks.'

A Flash of Lightning.

The length of a flash of lightning is generally greatly underes timated. The longest known was measured by M. F. Petit at Toulouse. This flash was ten and a half miles in length. Arago once measured a series which averaged from seven to eight miles in length. The longest interval ever remarked between a flash and the report was seventy-two seconds, which would corres pond with a district of fourteen miles. Direct researches have shown that a storm is seldom heard at a greater distance than from seven to ten miles, while the average are barely heard over

We hear from Russia of a number of fair sectarians. one exception they were all of one sex—dwelling in the Russian town of Porchov, and named Seraphinus. Their creed was implicit belief in their reverend leader; their practice consisted in cutting off the bair. Women were converted in growds, and soon there would have been little or no long hair left in Porchov, when the police were moved to inquire into the subject. They discovered that Father Seraphinus had a brother who dealt in coiffures, and that monk and barber united to drive a very pretty trade in the tresses sacrificed by the devotees doctor now lies in prison, with leisure to meditate on the disadvantages of combining religion and business.

In the hurry of newspaper work things get badly mixed sometimes. Recently a St. Louis paper issued an extra containing some Cuban news and the announcement of Queen Victoria's death. Two of the head-lines were as follows: "The Death of Queen Victoria Announced on the New York Cotton Exchange— A Meeting to be Held Expressive of the Indignation of the Citizena." The St. Louis Globe thinks this almost equal to Governor Dennison's telegram on the night of the Presidential election in 1869. The Governor wanted to announce two important facts to the Mayor of Cincinnati, and he did it in the following despatch: "The Neil House is on fire. Lincoln has carried the State by 50,000 majority. Send two steam fire-engines to putit

There are several advertisements occasionally of a very amusing character elsewhere than in the "agony column" of the Times. Here is an extract from another contemporary:— "P. P. P." "I am very much pushed just now." and that is all the information vouchsafed. "L." says to "Emily" of Ealing, "whenever shall I see that dear face again, to make the longed-for lip impression?" Then, from the osculatory sigh, the gentleman plunges into the commonplace statement: "I have entirely recovered from the last tumble I had down your stairs."

The use of the word "last" clearly implies that he is in the habit of tumbling down fair Emily's stairs. Is it a case of being systematically kicked down? Another "spoony" person complains about the joiting of tramways, and abruptly breaks off to tell his beloved that he is quite ill for want of a letter.

See Naples and-Bat.

An American visiting Naples describes the excellence and the An American visiting Naples describes the excellence and the cheapness of the hotel fares in that city. He says he had an "excellent breakfast of tea, bread and butter, with fresh eggs, for one franc (twenty cents) each, lunch for a franc and a half (thirty cents), hot meats, wine, &c., and a capitally cooked dinner of seven and eight courses, including good claret, for the enormous sum of three francs. "Fancy," he centinues, "stiting down to a dinner consisting of excellent constituting flows to a dinner consisting of excellent constituting flows. down to a dinner consisting of excellent soup, delicious fish, well-cooked meats and poultry, a profesion of vegetables, including quantities of green peas, most delicate birds and well-dressed salad, excellent cheese, pastries, jellies, "Charlottes," &c., oranges, figs, raisins, and the freshest and most delicate nuts I ever tasted—all this, together with half a pint of claret, for sixty cents.

Thirteen at Table.

A curious dinner was given recently at one of the principal Parisian restaurants. Thirteen covers had been laid, but to the surprise of the waiters a single guest made his appearance, who, after pushing twelve chairs close to the table, as if they were engaged, quietly sat down and dined alone. The mystery was afterwards explained. Twenty years ago thirteen friends—amongst whom were Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautler, Count amongst whom were attred do musset, Theophile Gautier, Count do Flehac, dc.—met at the restaurant in question, and agreed to dine together every year on the same day, keeping the places of those who had died, as if their guests were to be present. The next year they were only eleven in number, two years after ten, then seven, and so on. The last but one was Count de Flavigny, who lately departed this life. The solitary guest at present was Mr. Rubelles, a painter of some repute, aged 84.

The Ashantee Capital.

Camassie, the Ashantee capital, is a beautiful country, and is about a mile and a half long by a mile broad. The streets are wide, the houses are mostly uniform in structure, and built in blocks or squares. The side next the street is called a public seat, the floor of which is raised two or three feet above the street level, and open to it, so as to afford persons walking through the town ready protection from the rain or sun. The front is also ornamented with rude geometrical figures in relief, coloured with red, and above the ground floor whitewashed. At one side of the public seat is a door, communicating with the inner square. The rooms on three sides of this are open on the inside, and occupied day and night by the several members of the household. The open space of the square is used for cooking and other domestic purposes. The framework of the house is of sapling timber, fastened together with cordage made from climbing plants, and thatched with bamboo leaves, woven into a kind of matting.

A contemporary mentions that some one says:—"Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to generally must lead a truly joven life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of sliver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from human censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to deep by the gentle sighs of the summer's air; and nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dewdrop, and fall to eat your hedelothes." This is highflown and sentimental. We preyour hedelothes." This is highflown and sentimental. We prefer a more practical view:—Fancy, again, the delight of jumping into white sheets, and taking a series of somersaults over a well-nourished human body, indulging in a sip of claret every time you alight. Picture, moreover, the mad excitement of the chase when your temporary residence gets up and lights the candle, and keeps catching nothing at all between his thumb and linger, while you survey the hunt from his left shoulder!

Says a writer in the Boston Transcript : "In the matter of matrimony, if in no other matter, Providence evidently intends we shall take care of ourselves. If a predestined mate is intendwe shall take the hopey have the happy pair born with corresponding birthmarks on each, so that Ferdinand would have nothing to do but to level his eye-glass calmly at his addrers until he discovered, under the hair or behind the ear, the magic "8 xy—14," or whatever his own eabalistic designation happened to be; while Garaphelia might first on regardless of consequences, and even forego all cap-setting and every palpitation until she espied the fatal fraction imprinted on some lover's glowing cheek. But things are not so arranged, though they might be, and if there be somewhere awaiting an introduction somebody whose nature is just the complement of each, it is certain that most people get snapped up before their other half is found, either too impatient to wait or too indolent to search for the lucky num-

An Independent Me

The following characteristic story is told of Thomas Landseer, brother of Sir Edwin. After repeated refusals, he was at length induced to answer the summons of Her Majesty to present him. self at Windsor Castle to teach her some easy branch of his art. Windsor is some distance from London, and the engraver's time was gold. He was kept waiting in an ante-chamber for two hours after the appointed time for reception, when Prince Albert made his appearance, saying that the Queen did not feel like taking lessons that day, but she would sent for him when she did. He thereupon commenced haggling about terms, although the engraver had previously stated his price, which, I think, was £10 a lesson. Thomas Landseer retired, so filled with contempt £10 a lesson. for the great that no royal commands could ever after induce him to go near the Court. He was never knighted. This incident was told me by Thomas Laudseer himself, who said he could earn all he required without royal patronage, and not even Queen should keep him waiting like a servant in an ante chamber. Sooner than submit to such disrespect he would starve. So incensed was Sir Edwin at "Tom's" attitude, which

he vainly endeavoured to alter, that a coolness arose between the

How Basaine Once Saved His Judge.
"X." relates in the Norfolk Landmark that among other interesting items to be found in Veron's reminiscences, souvenirs, and historictii of Trianon is the following anecdote told by aged man, who was once under other régimes an attaché of the place. "It was in the spring of 1882," said the old man, "and Louis Philippe had run down to Trianon, accompanied by several of his children. One of them, a lad of ten years of age, tired by the close confinement of travelling, as soon as he got well on the grounds, in spite of the admonitions of his tutor, started off in a wild, harum-scarum scamper over the garden, and in his headlong gait tumbled very unroyally into an artificial lake. "I long gait tumbled very unroyally into an artificial take. "I heard," said he, "the boy's cries, and ran to the spot, but when I reached the lake I found he had been pulled out by a young "sergent de service" who had been taking a turn in the garden. The young Prince, shivering with cold and dripping like a drowned rat, begged the officer and myself not to let his father and his tutor know of his mishap, and requested me to conduct him privately to his apartments. That boy is to-day the Duc d'Aumale, who presides as Judge over a military court convened at the same Trianon to try the case of Marshal Basaine, who was then simply the Sergeant Basaine who saved the drowning Prince.

A Little Boy Imagining Rimself to be a Monkey.

During my journey north last week, writes Frank Buckland, I saw, when inspecting a salmon river, a remarkably strong, active, intelligent little boy between four and five years old, playing about a weir. The father told me a very curious story about the child. Last Christmas he was taken to see a panto-mime in which monkeys performed a great part. The scene so impressed the child's mind that the next morning he imagined himself to be a monkey. He would not speak, and no kindness or threats would make him speak a single word, he would not sit at the table with his brothers and sisters at meals, but would only eat out of a plate placed on the ground, out of which he ate his food, being on all fours. If anything to eat was presented to him he always put it to his nose and smelt it just as a monkey nim he always put it to his nose and smelt it just as a monkey does before eating it. He was continually climbing my trees and throwing down boughs and gripping at the people-bellew like the monkeys in the cocce-nut trees in the pantomime. When his father tried to correct him the fittle fellow, still on all fours, ran after him and bit him on the leg. He would serve his brothers and sisters the same if they teaked him. This curious monkey it lasted until a few weeks ago, the idea has now quite passed out of his head. I wonder if this story may possibly be of any use to Mr. Darwin.

Not long ago died the Col. Russell known in the South-West "Owl Russell," who was once Henry Clay's private secretary. He was a man of intense egotium, whose chief object in life was to be admired and notorious. Years and years ago, while in the Missouri Legislature, he got the soubriquet which clung to him all the rest of his life, and actually carried him out of his political career. It was during a violent debate in which he had shown an absurd pomposity, that one of his political comrades rose and quietly told a little story. He said that one night Russell, while travelling through the woods, lost way, and being a stranger in that part of the country, became rather nervous. While in this sorry plight he suddenly heard a voice not far away, calling out, "Who, who, who are you?" The answer was loud and prompt: "I am Col. William H. Russell, for many years a prominent member of the Kentucky Legislature, was School Commissioner for the southern district of Kentuck; sonoi Commissioner for the southern district of Kentucky, am now the Representative of Calloway County in the Missouri Legislature, am spoken of as a Whig candidate for next Congress, and I am lot. Who are you?" Of course the question was repeated, and the answer was again returned with all its linked peatel, and the an-wer was again returned with him and dign: y until the audience screamed with laughter and greeted poor Russell whenever be dared to rise with "Who, who, who are you?" And so he got his name of "Owl Russell."

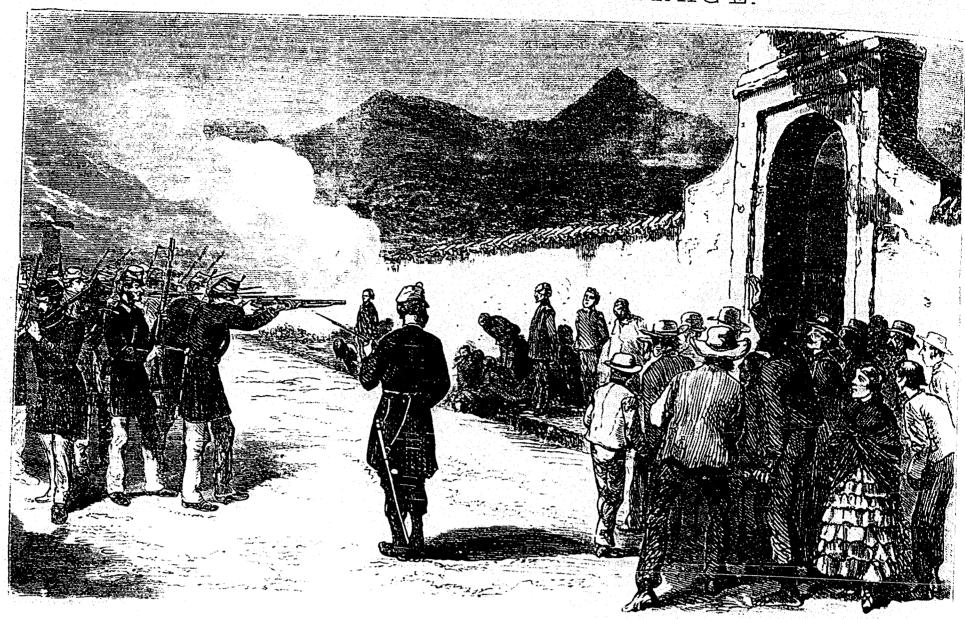
A Journalist of the Encyclopædic Era.

The journalists of the time of Louis XV. were queer souls, who lived in garrets and dined chiefly off fried potatoes, served in a paper by the stive-woman round the corner. Almost every big street had its journalist, and an own particular print, which this lean but indefatigable being published on candle paper once a week. The man was known down the thoroughfare. He chro-nicled the marriages, births, or connublal woes of his neighbours. paper by the stove-woman round the corner. Almost every big He was welcome to a dinner now and then, and it was always remembered that he ate much. If he showed himself eloquent in praising the comeliness or good wares of the fruiteress down stairs may be he had a smile and bag of apples given him for nothing; if he went on the opposite tack he risked having a saucepanful of kitchen water emptied over him next time he passed. In either case apples or kitchen water diminished in no respect the amicable relations he kept up with the neighbourhood; and the grocers of the district called him an honest rogue good humouredly. It was no great matter to him if he were paid for the copies of his journal, which he personally hawked about, in cash or kind, and a pound of sausages for three copies, two rush dips for a single number, or a pair of breeches for a whole half-year's subscription, were remunerations he could not effort. rush dips for a single number, or a pair of prescues for a whole half-year's subscription, were remunerations he could not afford to despise. People confided to him their grievances, and besought him to libel their neighbours, which he did obligingly enough if he had no special reason for refusing, and, as a natural consequence, he had always a few grudges stalking after him, though these desisted in time, for the journalist had a soothing

French Tichborne Case.

The troubles of the French nation are manifold: the war with Germany, the Commune, discord in the Assembly, the Bazaine court-martial, and other evils to which it is unnecessary here to aliude. We learn, with feelings of the deepest sympathy for the sufferings yet in store for them, that they are upon the eve of what the Figure terms "our Tichborne case." Such intelligence cannot fail to have an alarming effect upon their highly wrought sensibilities. That journal asserts that a lawsuit has been commenced by a young man claiming to be the representative of one of the oldest French families, who was at one time an ornament of Paris society. The only son of a widowed mother, he volunteered to serve during the war; this is admitted on both sides. He was, however, among the missing at one of the battles round Orleans, and as no news could be obtained of his having been made prisoner, his mother, after making every inquiry and awaiting the return of all the captives. gave him up for dead. Last year she received a communication from Germany to the effect that her son had been taken prisoner, but that he had lost his reason and was in a lunatic asylum near Minden. It was added that he was gradually recovering, which the mother begged that he might be brought to Paris that Upon his arrival, she found she might have him under her care. herself in the presence of a man in whose scarred and mutilated visage she could recognize no feature of her son. In fact, she diated him altogether and acted in concert with her nephews and nieces to resist his claim. Soon after the case had been entered for trial, the supposed mother was induced, consequent upon facts which "the claimant" had revealed to her, to change har mind altogether, and she has clasped to her breast the longlost son. But the other relations will not give way, and hence a lawsuit.

THE "VIRGINIUS" OUTRAGE.



THE EXECUTION.



VIEW OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



er er i filologisk flat et en kompte f

The Magazines.

The December number of the Overland Monthly concludes the eleventh volume of the Pacific representative of magazine literature. Among the articles relating to this section of the country is a short paper on the Indian arrowheads found on the high Sierras, which bears the appropriate title, "Chips from an Indian Workshop." Dr. Stillman continues the recital of his experiences, "Seeking the Golden Fleece," and recounts the particulars of a voyage made under difficulties, from New York to Rio. "Klamath Land" is a description of a region now become historic. In "The Lost Lead," and "Daisy's Mission" we find the usual characteristics of the contes of the Western slope; there is a twang about the latter that is closely imitated from Bret Harte. Joaquin Miller discourses more pleasantly than he is wont on "Geneva and Chillon," though we decline to subscribe to his assertion that Chillon is the saddest of all the old castles of Europe; and we can afford to smile at his petulance in insisting that the Americans are to-day building cities with California gold on what would otherwise be the ruins of Paris and London. The first of a series of papers on New Zealand gives the history of the discovery and colonization of the island, with a brief account of the aborigines. An article entitled "The American Novel," in which the writer deduces the non-existence of the American novel from the absence of American society, is plain and pithy, and should put a stop to a cry of which we have all wearled of late years. An Eastern story, "The Sheik and His Daughter," a sketch of "Life in Mazatlan," a reminiscence of the "Author of John Halifax," and a paper on the "Influence of Parks and Pleasure Grounds," with two charming little poems, and the usual Etc., and Literary Reviews complete a careful and varied selection of contents. varied selection of contents.

Our Allustrations.

The fire at the Grand Opera of Paris is a noteworthy event, as it was an edifice of historic memories. The loss was very great and will be the more felt as the new Opera House, already ten years in construction, will take a full year for completion. A demand will be made to the Assembly for funds to carry on the works actively, that the Opera House may be able to throw open its portals at the close of the ensuing winter.

The poisoning case in Tabb's Yard, Montreal, is harrowing. Seven persons fell victims to an inordinate use of colchicum wine which was stolen from a druggist's van, by one of the unfortu-nate persons. The affair has created a profound sensation throughout the country.

The celebrated Nineveh stone discovered among the ruins of the ancient Assyrian city, by Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, has been deciphered and found to contain an account of the deluge as an incident in the biography of a king named Izdubar. The King, having been afflicted with sickness, goes to visit a famous sage called Sisit, the Xisuthrus of Greek authors. This philosopher, instead of giving him any medecine, tells him about the flood. Sist declares that to him, as to Noah, the gods revealed beforehand that approaching catastrophe of the world. He also was commanded to build a ship and to embark therein his family and the seed of all life. There is a break here of fit-teen lines, which probably related the method of his work. Sisit goes on to tell how the Ark was finished and caulked with bitumen; and how he then placed in it all his treasures, his wife and children and servants, beasts and all cattle, and fowls of the air. The command was then given him to enter the Ark and shut the door, when the great rain and the great flood began, various deities being engaged in this operation. The history further relates the stranding of the Ark on a mountain in Nizir, east of Assyria, which must be in Armenia, and may be Mount Ararat. There Sisit, like the patriarch in the Hebrew Scriptures, sends out different birds to see if the waters have abatedfirst a dove, next a swallow, lastly a raven. The dry land appearing, the animals and men come out of the Ark, upon which Sisit builds an altar and offers a sacrifice of thanks-giving to the God whom he adores. After narrating this story, the wise man gave Izdubar some directions how to cure himself of his malady, which Izdubar performed, and returned to his native city of

With its long, narrow, winding, involved streets, its precipitous ascents and descents, and its completely Gothic physiognomy, Nuremberg has retained in every part the aspect of the middle agos; no two houses resemble each other, although they have a family likeness. The effect of approaching Nuremberg is like looking at a pictorial town in an old missal, so quaint and peculiar is its appearance, with its series of square towers and long curtain wall embracing its entire circumference; its old castle perched on the rock, and its great massive round towers protecting its chief gates on all sides. The walls and most are now chiefly employed as walks and places of recreation for the inhabitants, the most being converted for the most part into gardens, or used for other purposes of peaceful life. They are reached by several gates out of the city, one of which, the Thiergartnerthor, forms a striking object from Albert Durer's house

We give to-day a sketch of the execution of the "Virginius" prisoners, a detailed account of which appeared in our last issue. It is with no intention of pandering to any morbid taste that we produce these scenes, but simply on account of their historical interest. It is satisfactory to know that the Spanish Government have understood the full extent of the outrage, and have, in consequence, determined to make full reparation to the honour of the United States and the families of the unfortunate victims. Spain has raised herself in the estimation of the whole world by this act of justice.

The European Ladies' Orchestra, under the direction of Frau Amann-Weinlich, is composed of forty persons. All the string instruments are in the hands of ladies. The bass and tenor drums are also played by them; the clarionets are played by hoys. The oboe and fagot are wanting entirely, their places being filled by the harmonium. The ladies make in their appearance as well as their performance an advantageous and agreeable impression. They are dressed allke in the Austrian national colours-a light yellow robe with black sash and trimmings, and yellow waist with black bodice. The directress wears a black trained robe trimmed with yellow. The boys are dressed like pages in the same colors. The directress uses her silver baton not only with grace but with dexterity and precision, and the ladies follow all her movements with great exactness. The ladies make a very handsome and tasteful group as they all appear in rose coloured silk, trimmed with white lace, and their modest, maidenly behaviours touche the heart as well as their fine music pleases the ear.

The first visit of the horse to his stable companion who is now the happy mother of a litter of beauties, is a charming picture. The expression of the eyes in both horse and dog is exquisitely true to nature.

Uhess.

LAT It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Guntes, Problems' Solutions, Acc., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPRA, Whitby.—We have not seen the book in question, and cannot say where it can be had.

J. H., St Liboire.-Many thanks for your Problem. Correct solutions received :-Problems Nos. 105 and 106 from J. H., St. Liboire; No. 106, from J. W. B., Toronto, and Alpha, Whitby.

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

Game played in London, October 3, 1872.

(Allgaier Gambit.) White—Mr. Lowenthal. 1. P to K 4th 2. P to K 84th 3. P to K 84th 4. P to K 8 8rd 4. P to K 8 8th 5. Kt to K 5th 6. P to Q 4th 7. Kt takes Kt P 8. Kt takes Kt ch 9. Kt to Q B 3rd 10. Q takes Q 11. Rt to Q Rt 5th 12. B takes P 13. B to K 2rd 14. B to K B 3rd 15. Castles (Q R) 15. Castles (Q R)		
White-Mr. Lowenthal. 1. P to K 4th 2. P to K B 4th	Black-Mr. Sich.	
1. P to K 4th	1. P to K 4th	
2. P to K B 4th	2. P takes P	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	3. P to K Kt 4th	
4. P to K R 4th	4. P to Kt 5th	
5. Kt to K 5th	5. B to Kt 2nd	
6. P to Q 4th	6. P to Q 3rd	
7. Kt takes Kt P	7. Kt to K B 3rd	
S. At takes At on	O () takes () P	
9. Kt to Q D Sru	10 B takes ()	
11. Kt to O Kt 5th	11. B to O Kt 3rd	
12. B takes P	12. B to K Kt 5th	
13. B to K 2nd	13. R to Kt sq	
14. B to K B 3rd	14. Kt to Q 2nd	
15. Castles (QR) 16. Kt to QB 3rd	15. Castles (Q R) 16. Kt to K 4th	
16. Kt to Q B 3rd	16. Kt to K 4th	
17. B takes Kt	17. P takes B.	
18. Kt to Q 5th	18. B to Q B 4th 19. B to K oth ch	
19. Kt to B 6th 20. K to Kt sq	20. B takes B	
n D takes R	21. R takes R ch	
22. R takes R	22. R to Kt 6th	
23. Kt to O 5th	23. B to Q B 4th	
21. P takes B 22. R takes R 23. Kt to Q 5th 24. P to Q Kt 4th	24. B to Q 3rd	
25. R to Q 3rd 26. P to K B 4th (6)	25, R to R 6th (a)	
26. P to K B 4th (6)	26. R takes R	
27. P takes K	27. P takes P 28. P to Q B 3rd	
28. P to Kt 5th	28. P to Q B 3rd	
29. P takes P.	29. P takes P 30. P to B 6th	
30. Kt to B 6th 31. Kt to Kt 4th	31. B to Kt oth	
32 P to R 5th	32. B to B 5th	
33. K to B 2nd	33. B to Kt 6th	
34. K to O 2nd	34. P to B 7th 35. K to B 2nd	
32. P to R 5th 33. K to B 2nd 34. K to Q 2nd 35. K to K 2nd	35. K to B 2nd	
36. P to Q 4th 37. Kt takes P	36. K to Kt 3rd	
37. Kt takes P	37. K to Kt 4th	
38. Kt to Q sq 39. K to Q 3rd	38. K to Kt 5th 39. K to R 6th	
39. K to Q 3rd	SP. K to K ota	
40. Kt to B 3rd 41. K to B 4th	40. P to Q R 4th 41. P to K B 3rd	
42. P to Q 5th	4º Ptakes Pch	
43. Ptakes P	42. P takes P ch 43. P to R 5th	
44. P to Q 6th	44. P to B 4th	
44. P to Q 6th 45. P to Q 7th	44. P to B 4th 45. B to R 5th	
46. K to Q 5th 47. Kt to K 2nd	46. K to Kt 5th	
47. Kt to K 2nd	47. K to R 6th	
48. Kt to B 3rd		

Drawn Game.

(a) Black has managed the defense extremely well. He now wins (b) White must lose a Pawn here, whatever line of play he may

A brilliant skirmish played in 1857 between Mr. Paul Morphy and another gentleman.

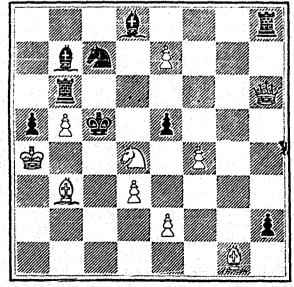
Black .- Mr. -White,—Mr. Mo
1. P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Q B 4th
4. B takes P
5. B to R 4th
6. P takes P.
7. P to Q 4th
8. Q takes P.
9. K Kt to K 2nd
10. Castles
11. B to K B 4th
12. Kt takes Kt
13. Q to K Kt 3rd
14. Q takes Kt
15. P takes P
16. Q to K t 3rd
17. K to Q
18. Q Kt to Q 5th
19. R Kt to Kt 6th
20. Q Kt mates. White.-Mr. Morphy. 1. P to K 4th
2. Kt te K B 3rd
3. B to Q B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd
6. P to Q 4th
7. P to K 5th
8. P takes P en pass
9. Castles Prakes Pen pa Castles N. Kt to K Kt 5th 1. B to Q 3rd 2. B takes B 3. B to Q R 3rd 4. B takes R 15. B to R 3rd 16. B to Q B 17. B to K B 4th 18. Q to Q B 2nd 19. Q to K 4th 20. Q takes Q

PROBLEM No. 108.

The following Problem won the prize, as a three-mover, in the late Canadian Chess Association Tourney (From Illustrated London News.)

By Mr. J. Henderson, St. Liboire.

BLACK



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 106.

1. Q takes B 2. R to Q R 7th mate. 2. B to Q B 8th mate.

White.

1. P takes Q

1. Any other move-

Black.

Music and the Arawa.

Barry Sullivan is acting in Dublin. Mile Desclee has greatly improved in health. Ristori is to leave England for Italy shortly. Minnie Hauck has had a success in the Hungarian capital.

3.66.66 **基本企**作中的主动

Anna Mehlig plays at the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic, Bouckault has made a million by his scissors and paste plays, Ravel has made his appearance at the Gymnase, after a severe illness.

It is reported that Mdme Nilsson-Rouzeaud is in an interesting situation

"The Road to Ruin" is to be produced at the Vaudeville, London.

Carl Rosa is producing Eichberg's "Doctor of Alcantara" in Howard Paul has been giving concerts with marked success

in Wales. Liszt's "St. Elizabeth" is to be given in Leipzig and in Dres-

den next month. The celebrated German tragic actress, Clara Zlegler, died a few

days ago at Munich. Charles Matthews has been acting in "Little Toddlekins" at

the Galety, Loudon.
"Twelfth Night" has been superbly produced at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

The grand musical festival at Zurich, in 1874, will take place on the 11th-14th July.

Herz, the saltimbanque of the plane, is giving concerts at the new Ducci Hall, Florence.

Carl Rosa proposes to secure Mr. Pearson, a new tenor of whom report speaks highly. Di Murska geta in a fury if any other member of the company

appears in a blonde courure. Rose Coghlan, who achieved a very fair success in this city, is

shortly to return from England.

Halevy's "La Juive" is being rehearsed at Munich with an

entirely new version of the libretto.

Elchberg's opera "The Village Doctor," has been produced in England with only moderate success.

The Camtila Urso Concert Company is one of the best musical organizations ever formed in America.

Carlotta Patti's engagement at the Riviere concerts, London, has been brought to an end rather suddenly.

A Mile Singlee has achieved a great and unexpected success at the Athenee, Paris, in Adam's "Bijou Perdu." A project is under way to give performances of high class

opera comique in French at a London theatre. Signora Inex Arco has made her debut in opera bouffe in Lon-

don, and is pronounced too good for the music. Miss Genevieve Ward (Madame Guerrabella) has appeared as Constance, in "King John," at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Another remarkable soprano has been discovered by M. Maurice Strakosch in the person of Mile Dieudonne, a "Nilsson

blonde.' Mile Legault, who has made a great success at the Gymnase in the " Ecole des Femmes," is spoken of as the comédienne of

Miss Julia Muschamp, a young and promising English pinniste, has been playing with success at Mr. Rivière's Promenade Concerts. Mr. Scott-Siddons has brought a musical prodigy from England

Henry Walker by name, who is a most wonderful boy plantst. He will first be brought out in Boston. E. L. Davenport's Hamlet so delighted Salvini that he rushed

behind the scenes, seized E. L. violently, and kissing him on both cheeks, exclaimed, "Soul! Soul!" Rubinstein is said to have declared that he will never play in England again, having been annoyed by criticisms on his per-

formances, and on the music of his favorite Wagner Laferrière, who is said to be over seventy years old, and whose make-up" is due to the exertions of four hours' time, has had

a great triumph at the Cheny in the new play " Mari." Madame Erard has just proposed to the French Minister of Public Instruction an annual and perpetual gift of two grand planes to be awarded to the pupils of the Conservatoire de Musi-que who gain the first prizes for that instrument. M. Batbie has

written a letter gratefully accepting the offer made.

Miss Genevieve Ward, an American girl who has lately made her debut in Manchester, England, in the part of Lady Macbeth with great success, writes of the great sympathy and kindness she received from Risteri, whose engagement had just expired. Miss Ward's beauty, talent, and hard work promise her a dra-

matic future.

Art and Piterature.

Mr. Martin F. Tupper has been giving a series of reading from his works at Glasgow and Dundee.

The Archbishop of Cantorbury will contribute an article to "Winged Arrows," the Christmas part of the Quiver.
Mr. Richard Gowing, editor of the School Board Chronicle, has

been appointed editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, in the place of Mr. Joseph Hatton. The Irish Echo is the title of a new Dublin daily paper that

has just made its appearance. The Dublin Evening Telegraph is merged in the new paper. A new cuition (the fourteenth) of "Haydu's Dictionary of Dates," bringing down the work to the present time, is just be-

g issued in monthly parts. The Poet Laureate's works will in future be issued by Messrs H. S. King & Co. It is stated that the change of publisher will

take effect at Christmus next. Mesars. Hodder & Stoughton, of Paternoster-row, have lately

issued a work by the Rev. W. Blackley, consisting of an argument to the effect that Christ never instituted water-baptism. and that the baptisms mentioned in Mat. xxviii, and Mark.xvi. had no reference whatever to baptism with water. The author has testified his sincerity by resigning his vicarage. A recent number of All the Year Round contains the following "Falitorial Note:"—"Three-and-twenty years ago a story of

Australian adventure, called Two-Handed Dick, the Stockman, was published in the sixth number of Household Words. A copy of this paper, exact in every particular, except for two or three words added by the copyist, was recently offered for publication in All the Year Round. Fortunately, the conductor of this journal at once recognised 'Two-Handed Dick' as an old acquain a second recognised 'Two-Handed Dick' as an old acquain a second recognised 'Two-Handed Dick' as an old acquain and the second recognised 'Two-Handed Dick' as an old acquain acquain the second recognised the se tance, and, after some search, discovered the history of his adventures in its original form. A letter to the sender of this manuscript, asking him if he had any sort of explanation to offer before the public exposure of the attempted fraud, having remained unanswered for a week, the conductor of All the Year Round thinks it highly desirable that, without further comment on his part, the public should be made acquainted with the facts above recorded. Furthermore to put his brother editors on their guard respecting any manuscripts coming from the same source, he begs to call their attention to the name and address of the copyist in question. The manuscript is signed, "H. Clifford, Elleamere Club, Manchester."

Scraps.

s. S. Cox calls Ireland the Mark Tapley of nations. Slokes' father, mother and sisters will go abroad to reside.

Slokes' Prince Imperial is raising a moustache. It is said his friends use a field-glass.

the Cardiff Clant—once a sort of theatrical attraction—has

The Cardin Giant—once a sort of theatrical attraction—has been sold in Algiers, La., for \$8.

The right of translation of M. Victor Hugo's "Quatre-Vingt-Treize" for England and America has already been sold.

prof Thorell, of Upsala, considers it probable that English may be adopted as a common scientific language, and has written his own recent work in that tongue.

M. Brousse, a French free-thinker, is said to have bequeathed M. Drouges, a resident representation, is said to have bequeathed sum of 400,000 francs for the establishment of a secular school, together with a splendid castle for that purpose.

The vicar of a North Country village is making arrangements with Robert Wright, the noted Border champion wrestler, to give some lessons in wrestling to all young men in his parish.

A church near Bergen, Norway, which can contain nearly 1,600 persons, is constructed entirely of papier maché, rendered vaterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white

Here is a phrase that wants to be shot on the wing. Says Charlward:—"A journal remarks that M. Thiers was received very coldly by the assembly." Diable! Some people's thermometers are never satisfied.

Dr. Dollinger, who was declared by the Romish papers to have separated himself from the "Old Catholic" movement in Germany, has requested Professor Huber, of Munich, "to contradict this Ultramontane lie."

on dit, at the Vatican, that the Pope intends to present Henry V, with a gold crucifix on the event of his being raised to the throne. It will be set in diamonds of the finest water and bear the following inscription :- In hoc signo vinces.

Among the treasures to be found in the Khedive's Museum is aneckiace worn by Queen Anh-hept, mother of King Ashmes, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, who was not only coeval with Abram and Sarni, but the identical Pharach who was plagued with great plagues" because of Sarni, Abram's wife.

We do not usually think of Alfred Tennyson as a farmer, but Miss Antoinette Sterling, whose noble contralto voice is shortly to charm our English friends as it has delighted Plymouth Church before, writes in a private letter of a pleasant lunch enjoyed on Tennyson's grounds, in the same field as his flock of south-down's marked A.T. He practises pastoral life as well as

Tourgueness, the famous Russian novelist, is said to be quite boken down by recent misfortunes. Within a year his wife and only daughter have died; by the failure of his Parisian banker most of his earnings have been swept away; and a nephew to whom he was greatly attached has been sent to prison for outrageous felonies. The poor novelist writes very little now, as he says his stories, reflecting his own heart, are too sombre.

Paul de Cassagnac is described as one of the most conspicuous persons on the a rects of Paris. He is very tall, broad-shoulder-ct and wears a very large and peculiar-looking hat, which he perches over his left ear. He walks in a bold, deflant manner, and carries a huge walking-stick, which he from time to time swings ominously from shie to side, as though just preparing to mash the head of some imaginary foe, and at such times the passers by do not fail to point him out very admiringly. As for the ladies, they admire Monsieur De Cassagnac very openly. He is so large, so dark, his eyes are so black and so bright, and all that sort of thing, and no one knows it better than P. de C.

Oddities.

Athens, Ga., has a paper named Cat, with the motto " I can

To know how to spell correctly is a good thing-unless you are an American humourist.

The "straighten-up-Mary-Jane-and-show-your-breastpin" atutude has superseded the Grecian bend.

Out in Montana when they start a man down hill in a barrel, they speak of his "appearance in a new role."

"What is your name, little girl?" "Minnie." "Minnie what?"

"Minnie Don't; that's what Mamma calls me." "Please don't shoot the cows." is a sign on a farmer's fence near Chicago, intended for city sportsmen who go out after

prairie chickens. A Pekin, Ill., coroner's jury rendered a verdict that a man. se body was found in the river, came to his death by a blow

on the nead, "which was given either before or after drowning."
"The arrangements of Nature are admirable," exclaimed a young Aberdeen lady, during the late high winds. "The same wind which disarranges our dress blows dust into the eyes of the would-be observers."

A lady of the shoddy aristocracy found, on returning from a drive, some visiting cards on her table. She called a servant in great haste, saying : "John! John! take these and run quick! Them ladies is forgot their tickets!"

An agreeable and versatile Iowa "local" says: "Cedar River is in a languishing condition. It is very low and confined to its bed. The cat-fish get aground, and have to be helped off the sand bars by the good-natured boys."

Once when preaching at Wapping to a congregation composed principally of sea-faring men and fisher-women, Rowland Hill with these words: "I come to preach to great sinners, notorious sinners—yea, to Wapping sinners!"

A preacher in a Scottish town took up a collection one recent Sunday, and found, when his hat was returned, that there wasn't a cent in it. "I thank my God," said he, turning the hat upside down and tapping the crown of it with his hand, " that I have got my hat back from this congregation."

A western paper toils a story of a country woman who made ber first attempt to get in the court-house yard through the patent back-action gate. She opened the gate, went through, as she supposed, and shut herself out on the same side seven times; then, ejaculating " Merciful sakes I" climbed over the fence.

was served last week with a schedule to make his returns. In the column for noting the number of carriages with less than four wheels, he inserted-"A barrow, drawn by me in the garden, with one wheel." The assessor wrote under it Asses and one-wheel carriages are exempt from duty.

Says a London letter: The money-taker being unavoidably absent, was temporarily replaced at the exhibition of the boarded lady and other natural phonomena by a pretty, bright-eyed girl of about fourteen. "Haw, I suppose the—the—or boarded lady is your mother," observed a swell, as he paid his money. "No, sir," said the extempore money-taker, "she's my father.

Now the Winter games for the home circle are setting in, and the family, gathered beneath the rays of a bright light, have an appearance of subdued onjoyment that is blessed to see. Naught is heard but the grating of the checker, the click of the domino and the muffled rasp of the eard, with an occasional observation such as, "Whose turn is it?" "Why don't you play, mother?" "Oh, what a fib!" and the like,

AN ADVENTURE IN ST. PAUL'S.

We colonials, on the whole, I think, have more appreciation of St. Paul's than of any other of our London sights. More than of Westminster Abbey, even. For it wants a deal of history to understand the abbey and its puzzling chapels; and after a certain amount of stock-driving one jumbles up the kings and queens. Coming over from Australia for a six months' visit to England, one of the first things I promised myself on landing was to see St. Paul's, and yet it's a singular fact that up to the very end of my sojourn here I had never been inside your (or may I say our?) great cathedral.

I felt it impossible to go back and face my relations and friends if I couldn't say that I'd seen St. Paul's, and I made half a dozen plans at various times of paying it a visit. But first one thing intervened and then another till my last day in England had come, my pilgrimage unperformed. This last day, however, I kept clear of engagements on purpose to see the place. Before I was out of bed in the morning I had a telegram of importance, which took me off post haste to the Eastern Counties; and it was eight o'clook in the evening before I reached Shoreditch station on my return. Now I was bound to start early next morning to reach Brindisi in time for the Italian mail, and it thus seemed as if it were my fate to miss my last chance of entering St. Paul's. Still I was determined not to throw away chance; it might be that the cathedral was still open; and I picked out a fast looking horse from a row of hansoms, and hade the driver put me down in the shortest possible time at the corner of St. Paul's churchyard.

As I descended from the cab and stood on the edge of the pavement looking out at the giant bulk of the dome the clock struck nine. The sun had set; but high overhead the golden ball and cross stood up against the sky, still burnished by the avening glow. All the lower part of the building was in deep shadow, rendered still darker by the thick coating of soot that encased it; but the upper portion, towering clear of houses and chimneys, and swept and sweetened by the wind and rains, caught a gleam of brightness from the clouds above, and raised itself white and fair into the evening sky.

The traffic of the day had slackened; there were few pedestrians and only an occasional cab rattled by. The big warehouses had retired from business; the shops were shut; the city seemed to sleep. St. Paul's also was closely fastened up. It misgave me that all I should see of it would be the outside.

Bending back my neck and gazing upward at the huge dome saw that about the great golden cross and ball was a tracery as of cobwebs, and men like flies were crawling about these slender filaments. Stout scaffoldings and thick cables they were, no doubt; but from the street they looked like the delicate fabric of the gossamer.

I walked quickly around the church, hoping to find some doorway open, some access to the interior. The iron gates were all closed, the doors were fast. St. Paul's portais looked as inaccessible and forbidding as the rocky flank of a mountain. I was determined to find my way in, if possible, but knew not how to set about it. Could I have come across anything that looked like a deanery or sacerdotal residence I should have made bold to knock thereat and ask the occupiers for the key. But I could find nothing of the sort. Even at a bun shop, which was still open, where I enquired as to the way ofgetting into the church, the people knew no more about St. Paul's than if it had been a thousand miles distant.

I began to feel despondent about the matter, but went around the church once more till I came to the end of the south transept-the shorter limb of the cross-and looked vacantly up at the fine semicircular portico, with its tall columns and flight of steps. All this time I never thought of there being anybody living inside St. Paul's; I should as soon have expected to meet with furnished apartments in the Catacombs or a family residence in the Pyramids. But peering cautiously about I espied, in the angle formed by the nave and transept on the western side, a window from which came the faint gleam of a candle. I stood and looked between the railings and saw that somebody was moving within. There was a birdcage in the window; on the sill outside some red flower-Presently somebody came to a desk near the window and began to write—an old man with white hair.

If I could only make him see me perhaps he would take compassion on me and let me in. But it wasn't likely that he would see me. Looking from the lighted window into the twilight outside it was hardly possible that he should see anything. I thought of flinging a pebble at the window; but it was a good distance off; I might break the glass and be taken in custody. I gave a few shrill whistles, holding my fingers in my mouth; I even ventured on a modified version of an Australian "cooee;" but it was all of no use. The old man didn't turn his head.

Once again I had almost given the thing up and gone home but just then the light disappeared from the window and all was darkness. Was the old man off to bed, I wondered, or had he gone to grope among the crypts below? Should I see his light presently twinkling in those high windows? Did he couch in some stony gallery or find a resting-place in the golden ball? Whilst I was thus speculating I heard a door softclosed, a doorstep on the stone staircase the iron gate at the bottom creaked on its hinges. I sprang forward and met a grey headed old man with a pallid face, who was just opening the iron grille.

With all the eloquence of which I am master I besought him to do me the good office of letting me into the sacred fane. He hesitated, shook his head; at last he relented. " Very well," he said, " it's against rules; but, as you say, it's a long way to the antipodes. I'll let you in if you don't mind stopping inside alone for an hour; it will be that time before I return; and I must lock the door behind me. Do you still

wish to go inside?" I thanked him warmly and said: "Certainly, yes." I was delighted at the idea of an hour in perfect silence and seclusion among the mighty columns and arches of St. Paul's. I got under the great dome, which hangs like a luminous cloud above, full of uncertain shadows, a faint circle of light rimming it around, arches and huge piers encompassing it. From the west a subdued crimson glow; castward the choir, dark and sombre; the windows of the apse showing as stray luminous patches, the altar glooming in the distance like some funereal catafalque. White figures gleaming here and there in shadowy recesses-marble warriors, heroes, statesmen.

Under the dome, in the great open space, was a vast crowd of chairs-wooden rush-bottom chairs-lashed together in rows, looking towards the east. Choosing one of the most central of these I sat down and began to dream, peopling this wide area with a vast, invisible congregation.

In soft, long-drawn cadence the bell of Paul's struck out the hour of ten. I had been in the place nearly an hour. I felt chilled and numb. Enough of dreams. Let me walk briskly up and down and think of the busy scenes awaiting me; the warm, glad welcome; wife and Ichildren holding out eager arms-right at the other side of this huge world.

I paced rapidly up and down an avenue between the chairs. I had seen enough; I was anxious to be released, to get away from the world of shadows into the living world outside. For a moment I stood in what seemed to be the very centre of the dome, and looked upward. A faint circle of light marked the apex of the soaring vault, and just above my head I saw my eyes being now accustomed to this half-light-I saw, I say, a

rope hanging down from the vast height above.

Then I remembered the spider-webs I had seen outside about the ball and cross. And as I stood and looked and listened I heard faint sounds of hammering and knocking. Men were at work hundreds of feet above; a light shone here

and there, twinkling like a star.

In years gone by I used to be a famous gymnast, and the sight of the rope hanging just above my head put me in mind of my ancient prowess. I was heavier now, my muscles less elastic; still there was some salt of youth in me. How many times, I wondered, could I, hanging to that rope, draw my chin up to my knuckles?

The rope was just out of reach, but I leapt up and caught —once, twice, thrice. I felt a kind of emulation with my ld self. I wanted to persuade myself that I had not lost much of my former prowess; and so I went on drawing myself up and down, not touching the ground, till I grew tired, and stretched myself out, expecting just to reach the pavement with my toes. But I couldn't reach it. Casting a glance below me, I saw with horror that the flooring had vanished under me. I was swinging suspended by my hands high up in the dome

Perhaps if I had dropped at that moment I might have escaped with a serious shaking; but I hesitated and was lost. Slowly and steadily the rope was being wound up. I shut my Surely this was a hideous delusion that another moment eves. would dispel. But no; as I looked down, the floor below was almost lost to my sight. There I swung, a tiny human speck, half way between heaven and earth. I couldn't hope to hang on much longer. My muscles were wearied with the task I had given them. I made a desperate effort to raise myself hand over hand, so that I might grasp the rope with my feet also; but it was impossible; I could not do it. Even the desperate energy of self-preservation could extract no more force from my muscles; I could only hold on.

I was now on a level with the plinth that surmounts the great arches of the dome. The gilded groundwork of a new fresco in the spandrel cast a sort of glow upon me; the colossal figures seemed to mock my agony. I must be half way up now, and for the moment a ray of hope shone in upon me that I could hold on to the end. But, to my despair, I saw that the seeming dome was a false one, above which rose the veritable conical roof, another hundred feet or more, and that through a vast round orifice in the sham dome the rope was to ascend to the uppermost peak of the roof. In that moment of torture I recognized my fate as inevitable. I might prolong my agony for a few seconds; my muscles were involuntarily relaxing; my grasp would fail; in another minute at farthest

I must fall to be dashed to pieces on the adamantine floor below.

A thousand confused thoughts whirled through my brain, like the smoke and sparks of an approaching conflagration; but especially clear in my mind's eye, I saw-I did not think, but saw this vision—the picture of my far-off home, the rolling plains of grass, the herds and flocks, a galloping horsemanthere was my home. My wife stood in the portico, shading her eyes with her hand; the children were clustering about her; there was news of daddy coming—perhaps daddy himself. It was bitter to die thus.

My limbs relaxed; my senses almost deserted me; a merciful oblivion, the intoxication of despair, stole over me; voices, I thought, were calling-perhaps a delusion of failing sensewas slipping, slipping, and I fell-

"How do you feel now, sir?" I heard a voice say close in my ear. Was it possible—was I still alive? Yes; my brain was yet conscious. But the frame? Shattered, no doubt; a mere human wreck, to which life would be a mockery. I only dared to use my eyes. Any other muscular exertion might bring on torments to which I was then insensible; and yet I had no feeling of pain; perhaps some merciful paralysis had cut me off from torture.

An old man was bending over me; the same who had admitted me; he had a wine-glass in his hand, with some liquor in it; a candle burned by his side, forming a little chamber of light about us.

"Am I knocked all to pieces?" I whispered.

"I don't think so, sir; I don't think you're hurt a bit. Bless you! you didn't fall more than three feet." I stretched out my arms-they were whole; my legs-they

were sound and unburt. What a happiness to be alive, after seeing death inevitable! " How is this ?" I cried, sitting up and looking about me.

"I thought I was carried up into the dome."

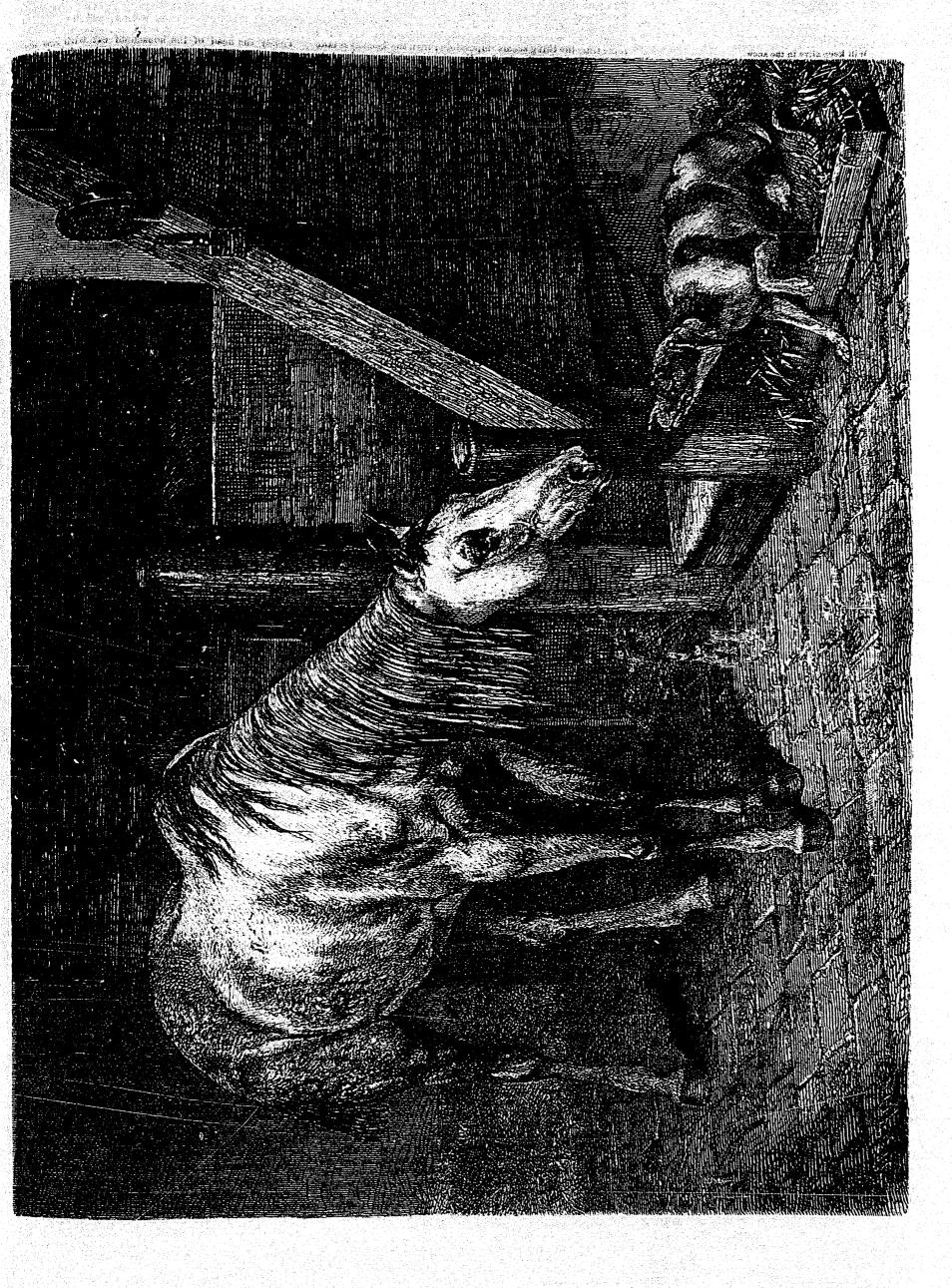
"And so you were. You'd have been a dead man by this, but just in the nick of time I came back. I don't suppose I should have noticed you, for the light was pretty nearly done; but I caught sight of you against the gilding, and then you gave a sort of moan, and says I: 'There's death here if I can't think of something in a minute.' And then I recollected that I'd heard the workmen chaps whistle three times, like this, when they wanted the rope lowered, and I piped away, and then the rope stopped and began to come down. I shouted to you to hold on and keep your heart up; but I don't think ou heard me, for when your face came in sight it was white like death, and your eyes closed-but you still holding ontill, as I say, you came within three feet of the floor, and then you gave a quiver and fell, and I caught you in my arms, for you were in a dead faint. But what were you about to let hem draw you up like that?"

Then I told him of my gymnastic feats. "Oh, then, I suppose you shook the rope. That's the signal to pull up, and up they pulled, and they never knew what sort of a load they were hauling up. The men are working

double shifts now, and are in a hurry to get finished."

When I left St. Paul's I felt weak and nerveless, as if I had just passed through a long illness. I couldn't start next morning, I was so upset, and I have written this account of what happened to me as a sort of outlet for my feelings, for I don't think I shall talk much about St. Paul's when I get





NOVEMBER.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child.

Though day by day, as it closes, Doth darker and colder grow. The roots of the bright red roses Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the Winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves.
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom A vest that is bright and new. And the loveliest way-side blossom Will shine with the sun and the dew

The leaves to-day are whirling, The brooks are all dry and dumb. But let me tell you, my darling. The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather, And winds and rains so wild; Not all good things together Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses Its beauteous summer blow, Think how the roots of the roses, Are kept alive in the snow.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," " Strangers and Pilgrims," de., de.

CHAPTER XXVI .- Continued.

"Believe in her!" cried the baronet, flashing out indignantly, "do you suppose I should marry her if I did not

believe her to be all that is good and pure and high-minded?"
"You have known her so short a time!"
"Sir, there are intuitions," exclaimed Sir Aubrey solemnly.
"Then settle five thousand, and back your opinion, as the

racing men sav.'

" So be it-draw up the draft and let me have it for consideration. There will be plenty of time for execution between this and the marriage. Oh, by the bye, there's one document you can make as plain and brief as you please—an agreement promising to pay Mr James Carew a hundred a year, in quarterly instalments, during the remainder of his life. I can't have my father-in law a parish schoolmaster. I give him a maintenance which will support him in comfort and decency for the rest of his days. Perhaps you'll ask me to make it five hundred," added the Baronet, with some asperity.
" No, Sir Aubrey. A hundred a year for the father I consi-

der ample. I hope I have not offended by my regard for the

interests of the future Lady Perriam."

"No, Bain. You're a good fellow, I know, and devoted to your employer, as your father was before you. I like you for taking Miss Carew's part." "I'm obliged to you. I thought you would have echoed that parrot cry about disparity of years, unsuitability of tempers, and so on. I like you for taking my future wife's part against me. Why should the heir-at-law get more than he is strictly entitled to? He'll get the benefit of all my father's improvements on the estate proper—Gad—he shall have not an acre of the land we've added. I'll settle five thousand on Sylvia, and I dare say I shall leave her a good deal more if she makes me as good a wife as I believe she will. Good day, Bain, you may as well come to dinner, by the way, -come at six, and we shall have an hour for going through the settlement before the Carews arrive.

Mr. Bain professed himself happy to obey any commands of Sir Aubrey's. He generally dined at Perriam once or twice a year, when there was some odd bit of land in the market, or some important lease to be renewed. The invitation was understood to be a condescension on Sir Aubrey's part, despite Mr. Bain's professional status and legal right to the title of gentleman. Mrs. Bain had never been invited with her husband, and in Mrs. Bain's particular circle the baronet was set down as a proud man.

"He wouldn't have the income he has if it wasn't for Bain, the lady would observe to her gossip, "but he hasn't a spark of gratitude in his nature. He'll take off his hat to me in my own hall as stiff as a Sir Chesterfield Walpole, but never so

much as open his lips to wish me good morning."

Mr. Bain accompanied his employer into the street, and stood on the pavement while Sir Aubrey mounted Splinter, whose sleek neck Mr. Bain patted approvingly.

"I wish I could get such a horse as that, Sir Aubrey; I'm generally pretty fortunate in horse flesh, but I never met with anything to match him."

Sir Aubrey smiled, and bent over Splinter affectionately

"Six o'clock, Sir Aubrey;" and Sir Aubrey shook his rein, and rode gaily down the high street, pleased in the easy manner in which Shadrack Bain had taken the announcement of his marriage.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STEWARD IN THE BOSOM OF THE PAMILY.

Mr. Bain went back to his office, seated himself at his desk. and gave himself up to deepest thought. It was not often that Mr. Bain thought. His active prosperous life was too busy to allow much margin for meditation. No twilight hour did Mr. Bain waste on those waking dreams in which some men let their fancies wander, pleased with shadows; nor did sad retrospective musings, tender memories of days that were gone, ever beguile Mr. Bain into forgetfulness of the present. He was a man who lived essentially in the life of to-day. The business in hand, however petty, was the supreme business of his existence. He brought all his forces into life's daily battle; and it was perhaps on this account that no one ever took him at a disadvantage.

But when Shadrack Bain did think, he thought with all his might. See him now, elbows planted on his desk, chin set firmly on his clasped hands, and you see a man with whom thought is the impalpable scaffolding of a substantial edifice. The man does not think only—he builds. The constructive faculty-strongest organ in that strong brain-is hard at work. The closely knit brows denote that the architectural design in hand just now is complicated; there are difficulties even. some time the thing seems impossible; then the keen eyes take a more resolute look, the firm lips tighten, and now relax into a slow smile. The difficulties are conquered, the airy scaffolding stands firm; he sees it perfect in every angle, and the smile becomes almost triumphant. The plan of his future edifice is complete.

"Take thy bill and sit down quickly and write fifty," repeated Mr. Bain, in a musing tone. "I think I have made friends with the mammon of unrighteousness this morning.

It was some time before Sir Aubrew's land steward settled to hie daily work in his usual brisk manner. He opened a handsome japanned case on which were painted the magical words-Perriam Estate-and looked over a number of title deeds. Some he threw on his left hand and others on his right, until the parchments made two separate heaps.

On one of these he laid his hand firmly.

"All these my father and I added to the estate," he said to himself. And it seemed him that Sir Andrew and his son Sir Aubrey were as cyphers when weighed in the balance with his father and himself.

"Why not five thousand a year?" he mused. "Why not seven? But no doubt Sir Aubrey will leave her all he has to leave if she behaves well to him. What could a weak little thing like her do to offend him—a parish schoolmaster's daughter. I saw her once standing at the gate of the schoolhouse garden-a slim, fair-haired girl, with brown eyes. Pretty enough, I daresay. But I was driving too fast to take much notice. A girl that could be moulded to anything, no doubt. There'll be a fine estate by the time she's a widow—a fine independent estate. And if the heir-at-law should turn me out of the old property I shall still have my grip upon Perriam,

Rarely had Shadrack Bain spent so much time upon meditation-upon thought which soared out of the narrow circle of the present into the wide cloudland of the future—as he spent this morning. He had no actual work, no file of sharp, short, decisive letters ready for the copying machine, to show for his departed morning when the brazen tongue of the family bell gave note of the one o'clock dinner. He started up from his chair with a surprised look, and made haste to wash his hands at the well appointed lavatory in a little room beyond the clerk's office.

It was an established rule in Monkhampton—strict as Jewish law—that the middle classes, the simple respectable people, who prided themselves on their simplicity and respectability should dine at one o'clock. However laggard appetite might be, the family board was spread with plain, substantial fare at that particular hour. Families who hungered after fashion, or even what was called gentility-might dine later if they pleased-might have an untidy scrambling meal in the middle of the day called luncheon, and an early supper at seven—dis-guised under the name of dinner—and call that fashion. By so doing they cut themselves off from those prouder burghers who clung tensciously to the manners and customs of their forefathers. Mr. Bain was of the old school, and though there had been vague half-expressed aspirations on the part of his daughters for late dinners and equestrian exercise, those yearnings had been stifled in the birth. Neither Matilda Jane nor Clara Louisa had dared to give them utterance in their father's

The dining-room—that apartment whose crimson moreen curtains were visible from the street, was a comfortable square room, with pannelled walls, painted and grained, in the semblance of dark oak, and graced with family portraiture, in which the high-waists and floral head-gear, the buff waist-coats, ponderous watch chains, and formidable shirt frills of the George and William period were preserved for the gratification of posterity. The furniture was of the same era, and was as solid as it was ugly. The silver of the neatly laid dinner table was of the Puritanic fiddle pattern-the delf dinner service was of honest willow-but a superior willow, relieved about the rims and handles of vegetable dishes and soup tureens with a little gilding. The damask napery was of spotless purity. Everything indicated that honest middle-class prosperity which follows not the changes of fashion-housekeeping which goes on to-day exactly as it was begun twenty years ago

Had Mr. Bain been of an epicurean temper he might have made some murmur against the placid monotony of his daily fare. The endless procession of legs of mutton and wing ribs of beef, varied occasionally by a reast of pork, a sabbath fillet of veal, a Michaelmas goose, a Saturday beef-steak pie. But if not altogether an intellectual man, Mr. Bain was certainly not a slave to his senses, and provided he cat when he was hungry cared but little with what viands he was fed. The joint well cooked and cleanly served, the potatoes were well boiled, and the cook had her gamut of substantial old English puddings with which to embellish the meal. Pudding every other day was the rule of the Bain household. They could quite as well have afforded themselves pudding every day, but Mrs. Bain, who looked at life from a pious standpoint, considered daily pudding a pampering of the flesh. There was always a blank look upon the faces of the younger members on off days, and Mrs. Bain felt that those lenten deprivations all the year round were a blessing to her ollspring. A provident wife and a thoughtful mother of the old Puritan type, this Mrs. Bain, and her husband felt that in Louisa Pawker he had secured a treasure, even putting her six thousand pounds out of the question. Unhappily, for the last three years, Mrs. Bain had been more or less of an invalid-obliged to wear a respirator all the winter—unable to go out of doors after sunset, even in summer, keeping her bed at times, and suffering much from complicated ailments of lungs and throat, which as the family doctor had whispered must some day prove fatal, but bearing up bravely through all, and keeping her husband's house vigilantly even when illness made her a prisoner in her bedroom. Summer was a kindly season for Mrs. Bain, and while the warm weather lasted she seemed tolerably brisk, and took her seat at the head of the table, and carved the joint for the seven healthy sons and daughters, Mr. Bain not caring to be troubled by the wants of these young ravens. He liked to review his morning's work, and plan his afternoon's labours as he eat his dinner.

Mrs. Bain was a small pale woman, with an honest, intelligent face, and dark eyes that had a pleasant softness in them.
She had never been pretty, and failing health had now set the stamp of decay on her pallid countenance; but she looked what she was, a good woman. Her children loved her, des. pite her somewhat Puritan rule, which exacted a good deal of self-denial from these young people; and her husband respected her.

To-day the head of the household eat with less than his usual healthy appetite. So languidly indeed did Mr. Bain ply his knife and fork as to draw upon himself the notice of his

family.

"Aren't you well, father?" asked Matilda Jane, the eldest daughter, " you're hardly eating anything."

"I hope the beef isn't too much done for you, father," said the house-mother with affectionate solicitude. "I always tell Betsy to do it with the gravy in. And it's a very fine wing rib to-day. The joint weighed fifteen pounds eleven ounces I saw it in the scale myself."

"The beef's very good, mother, but I've not much of an appetite, and this is only to be my luncheon. I'm to dine with Sir Aubrey at seven."

"Another lease, I suppose."
"Something in that way," replied Shadrack.

"I heard Sir Aubrey's horse stop before our door while I was in the kitchen talking to the cook," said Mrs. Bain, "and I thought it must be something particular to bring him here

"It was some rather particular business," replied the law-

The family evinced no curiosity. Leases, and small purchases of land, alterations, improvements, drainage, waste bits of ground reclaimed, were not subjects to engage the interest of the female mind. Mr. Bain's sons were too young to symmetric minds were not subjects. pathize with his industry. Their minds were absorbed by football, cricket, and the fourth book of the Eneid. No one questioned him further about Sir Aubrey's visit.

"You were at Hedingham Fancy Fair, you two girls, weren't

you?" asked Mr. Bain, presently.

"Yes, father," replied the elder. "Mrs. Thomas Toynbee asked us to go with her daughters. The Toynbees are Church of England people, you know, and Mr. Thomas Toynbee is first cousin to Mr. Toynbee of Hedingham, the rich manufacturer. Mother said we might go-she thought you wouldn't mind for once in a way, though they're not chapel people."
"I've no objection," said Mr. Bain. "Did you see Miss—

Miss Carew, I think it is -the schoolmaster's daughter, while u were there."

"Yes, father. We went into the orchard to see the children at tea, and she was there." "A very pretty girl, isn't she?" enquired Mr. Bain. His daughters looked at each other and deliberated.

That's a matter of taste, father," said Clara Louisa.

" She's not my style of beauty," said Matilda Jane. "But, I suppose, some people admire her," added Clara Louisa, "for it is the common talk that Mr. Standen of Dean House is in love with her, and is most likely to marry her, it his mother doesn't interfere to prevent him."

"Do you know anything about this Miss Carew? You've heard people talk about her, it seems. Have you ever heard

what kind of a girl she is."

"Lor, no, father; you don't suppose I know anybody who knows her, a parish schoolmaster's daughter? The Miss Toynbees of Redingham teach in the Sunday-school sometimes, and they told their cousins that they considered Sylvia Carew excessively vain, and very much above her station in all her notions; a girl who wanted setting down. That's what the Miss Toynbees said."

"Humph," said Mr. Bain, "that's what the Miss Toynbees said, is it?" And then within himself he reflected that perhaps it would be Sylvia's privilege to set down the Miss Toynbees, rather than to be set down by them.

Not a hint of Sir Aubrey's marriage did Shadrack Bain give to his family circle. Sir Aubrey had announced that event to him in the strictest confidence, and the agent showed himself worthy of the trust.

He was hardly up to his usual standard of mental activity all that afternoon. This business of Sir Aubrey's marriage was too startling to be easily put out of his mind. He wrote letters, looked over the rent book, saw two or three Monkhampton clients, and got through his work tolerably well, but his mind was only half in it. He was glad when it was time to order the dogcart for his drive to Perriam, glad to turn his back upon the common work of the office, and go up to his own room to dress.

He looked as good a gentleman as the best in Monkhampton when he came down stairs, at a quarter past five, clad in a suit of plainest black, with next boots, slender gold watch chain, faultless shirt front of unadorned linen-clean-well brushed -a model country gentleman. Thus attired, his family looked

up to him with reverential admiration.
"How well you would look in the pulpit, father, dressed like that," said Matilda Jane.

Mr. Bain smiled as he adjusted his neckcloth before the looking glass over the dining-room chimney-piece, while his admiring family sat round the table taking their tea.

"How much better I should look in the House of Commons," he said to himself, not ill pleased with his own image in the hat may happen, if I keep my grip lass " and who knows v upon the Perriam property."

"Do you think you shall be late, Shadrack?" asked Mrs. Bain, meekly. There was no such thing as a latch-key in the Bain household. The head of the family was all sobriety and steadiness. But he was the undisputed master of his ways, and if he chose, for some wise purpose of his own, to stay out late, nobody would question his right.

"No, my dear; Sir Aubrey never sits up late, as you know."

"I thought there might be a party, Shadrack."

"Party?" cried Mr. Bain, "as if Sir Aubrey ever asked me to his parties, or ever gave any, for the matter of that. What could put such a notion into your head, Louisa?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Bain. "You've dressed more particularly than usual. That's the last new suit Frazer sent you home, isn't it? You said you shouldn't begin to wear it just yet."

"The old one's an uncomfortable fit. Besides, what's the use of having good clothes lying hidden in a chest of drawers? There's the trap. Good-bye, Louisa; good-bye, girls and boys."

To be Continued.



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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the Matter of Joseph Calixie Thauvette, of Ste. Marthe, Merchant,

I, the undersigned, Antoine Phaneuf, of Rigaud, Country of Vaudreuil, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to fyle their claims before month.

Creditors are requested to fyle their craims become me within one month.

They are also hereby notified that the above named Insolvent has deposited in my office a deed of composition and discharge, purporting to be executed by a majority in number of his creditors representing three-fourths in value of his liabilities, subject to be computed in ascertaining such proportion, and, should no opposition be made to said deed of composition and discharge, within three juridical days next after the last publication of this notice, which will be on the Tenth of December A. D. 1872—the undersigned Assignee will act upon said deed of composition and discharge according to its terms.

A. PHANEUF.

Assignee.

Rigaud, 25th November 1873.

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph

Assignes. 8-22-2f-580.

NOUGLE, American House, St. Joseph Street:

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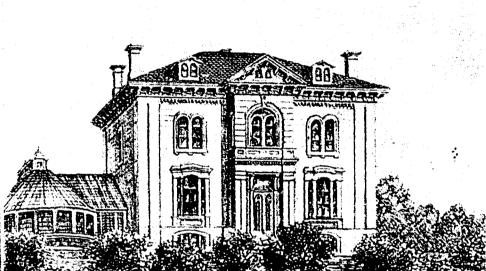
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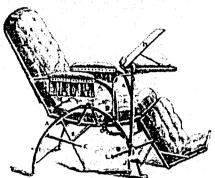
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